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GRANVILLE
JUBILEE

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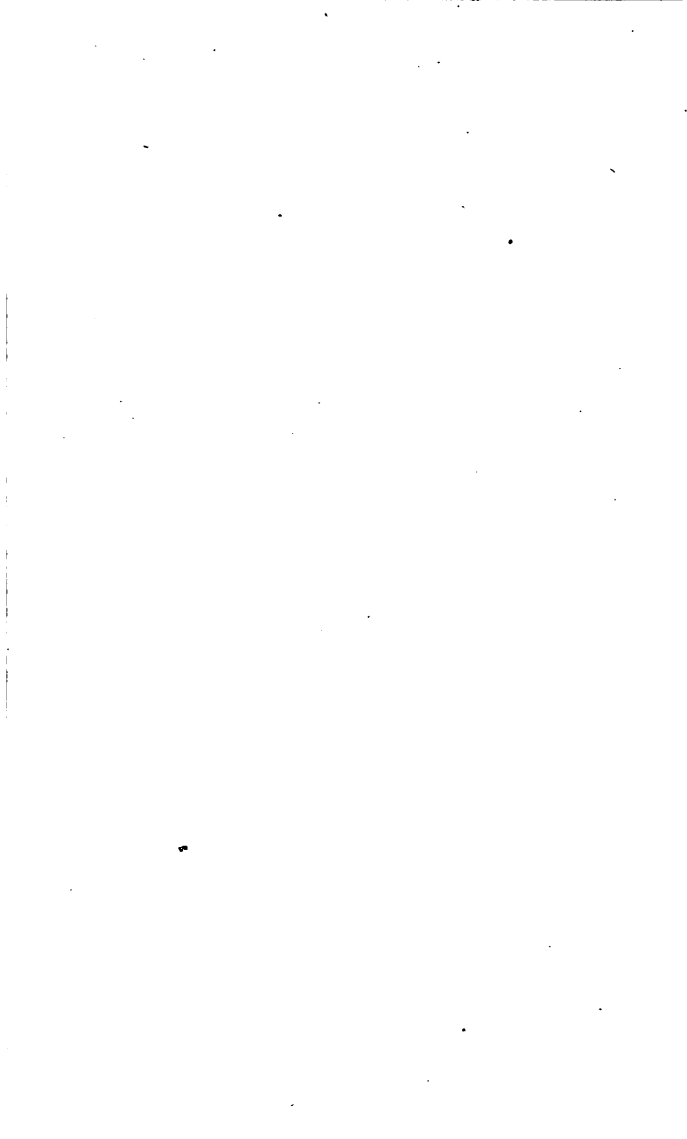


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Timothy M. Cooley

D. D.

GRANVILLE JUBILEE,

GRANVILLE, MASS.,

August 27 and 28, 1845.

SPRINGFIELD,

PRINTED BY HORACE S. TAYLOR.

1845.



Wm. M. Bradley

D.D.

THE

GRANVILLE JUBILEE,

CELEBRATED AT

GRANVILLE, MASS.,

August 27 and 28, 1845.



SPRINGFIELD:

PRINTED BY HORACE S. TAYLOR.

1845.

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At a meeting of the Sons of Granville, at the close of the Jubilee, August 28, 1845, JAMES COOLEY, Esq. in the chair, on motion of Mr. RUFUS H. BARLOW,

Voted unanimously, That the thanks of this meeting be returned to those who delivered Addresses on the first and second day of the Jubilee, and to Mrs. SIG-OURNEY for the truly beautiful Hymns furnished for the occasion, and that copies of the same be requested for publication.

GEORGE W. ROSE, *Sec'y*.



GRANVILLE JUBILEE.

AT a meeting of the First Church of Christ in Granville, Mass., Jan. 1st, 1845, the following Resolutions were adopted :

1. *Resolved*, That whereas the first Sabbath in June next, will complete a half century since our Pastor, Rev. TIMOTHY M. COOLEY, D. D. preached his first sermon with us ; that a day be observed commemorative of the goodness of God, with appropriate religious services.

2. *Resolved*, That the Sons and Daughters who have emigrated from us, be invited to revisit the home of their youth.

3. *Resolved*, That James Cooley, Ardon Seymour, Jonathan B. Bancroft, Elijah Seymour and Edmund Barlow, be a committee of arrangements for the occasion.

4. *Resolved*, That the Jubilee be fixed on Wednesday, the 27th day of August next.

5. *Resolved*, That Rev. Doct. Cooley deliver a historical sermon in the morning, and in the afternoon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper be administered, and that the Rev. Doct. Hitchcock, President of Amherst College, a descendant of one of the earliest Deacons of this church, be invited to preach a sermon on the occasion.

JAMES COOLEY, *Moderator, pro tem.*

Granville, Jan. 1, 1845.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL.

At a meeting of the inhabitants of the East parish in Granville, on the 7th day of April, 1845.

Voted, That we hold a Jubilee on the 27th day of August next, in commemoration of the fiftieth year since Rev. Timothy M. Cooley, D. D. preached his first sermon in this place.

The person who leaves the place of his nativity and settles in some distant part of the country, often meditates with delight on the scenes of his early life, and when he finds the evening of his days approaching, still cherishes with fond recollection the scenes of his youth. But in a special manner does the true Christian reflect on his early religious impressions, and he cannot forget his spiritual Father who directed his footsteps in the pathway to heaven.

Voted, That the following persons be a committee of arrangements on the occasion :

E. C. SPELMAN,
P. L. BUELL,
E. WRIGHT,

J. P. COOLEY,
R. H. BARLOW,
B. C. DICKINSON.

L. BROWN, *Moderator*.

E. WRIGHT, *Clerk*.

East Granville, April 7, 1845.

OFFICERS OF THE JUBILEE.



JAMES COOLEY, PRESIDENT.

**ELIJAH C. SPELMAN, } MARSHALS.
RUFUS H. BARLOW, }**

Committee of Arrangements.

MR. JONA B. BANCROFT,	Mrs. L. BATTLES,
" ARDON SEYMOUR,	MISS TIRZAH PARSONS,
" ELIJAH SEYMOUR,	" SYBIL PARLOW,
" ALPHEUS BANCROFT,	" JANE COOLEY,
" P. L. BUELL,	" CLARILLA SPELMAN,
" E. WRIGHT,	" CLARISSA ROOT,
" J. P. COOLEY,	" IRENE BARLOW,
" JEPHTHA ROSE,	" DEBORAH SPELMAN,
" B. C. DICKINSON,	" CLARISSA SPELMAN,
" L. TRYON,	" CYNTHIA PARSONS,
" L. H. COOLEY,	" DELIA WELLS,
" J. GILLETT,	" SARAH E. TILLOTSON,
Mrs. T. M. COOLEY, 2d,	" SOPHIA SEYMOUR.
" R. POMEROY, JR.	

GRANVILLE JUBILEE.

FIRST DAY.

August 27, 1845.

AT 10 o'clock, A. M. at Doct. Cooley's Church in East Granville, Rev. Roger Harrison, of Tolland, introduced the exercises of the day with Invocation, reading a portion of the Scriptures, succeeded with the following remarks:

MY DEAR FRIENDS:

WE are assembled to-day by the Providence of God, on a deeply interesting occasion: to celebrate with you a Jubilee. This day closes up a period of fifty years since your beloved Pastor was ordained over this church and congregation, as your Instructor in the great truths of the word of God, which are absolutely necessary to make us wise unto salvation.

Rare indeed, are the instances in which the connection between the minister and the church and congregation over which he has been set as a watchman, have continued for such a length

of time as in the present instance. Truly, my friends, God has been very kind and merciful, and abundant in goodness to you as a church and people, in prolonging the life and usefulness of your beloved Pastor to this day. Yes, it is an event which so rarely takes place, that well may we assemble to commemorate it. My friends, you are under the strongest obligations, and I presume you sensibly feel it, this day to raise your grateful hearts to Heaven, and to praise God for such a blessing as the stated administration of the Gospel, and its sacred ordinances by your beloved Pastor, uninterrupted for fifty years.

2 Your beloved Pastor and ~~myself~~ formed an acquaintance in our youthful days at Yale College, where we spent three years together in our classic studies; only one year's difference in our college standing, and about three years in our ages. We attended to the study of Theology about the same time, were examined by the same association on the same day, and received our license to preach the everlasting Gospel bearing the same date, slept together the succeeding night in the same bed, and we parted the next morning, not knowing that we should ever meet again in the present world. But Divine Providence so ordered that in a few years we found ourselves settled in the same town, where we have lived in good fellow-

ship and friendly intercourse to the present day; have exceeded the common bounds of threescore years and ten, we here stand before you to-day as the sturdy oak when the forests have been prostrated by the stormy wind and raging tempest. Yes, while very probable, almost two generations in this society have been prostrated by the stroke of death, since the ordination of your beloved Pastor, he still survives, and is blessed with such health and strength, both of body and intellect, that he is able to discharge all the duties of his sacred office. O ! what a blessing has God bestowed on this church and people, and is still continuing it? May you, my dear friends, duly appreciate it, and give all the praise and the glory to him from whom you have received it.

And now, my dear friend and brother ; this day witnesseth to you and to me, the boundless mercy and goodness of our Heavenly Father. Truly we can say with the inspired Apostle : ‘ Having obtained help of God we continue unto this day.’ How many of our youthful companions, our classmates, who started in the career of life with us, and whose prospects for length of days and years were perhaps as promising, are now mouldering in their graves.

Yes, dear Sir, few indeed have weathered the storms of life, and are now on the borders of four-

score years. Shall we not then on this most interesting occasion, feel to praise God for his boundless mercy and loving kindness towards us? O! let the remainder of our lives be devoted to his service; and may we at last be found faithful servants, and hear the plaudit of our Divine Master: 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world.'

SACRED MUSIC.

WELCOME TO RETURNING EMIGRANTS AT THE HALF-CENTENNIAL
ANNIVERSARY.

~~~~~  
BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.  
~~~~~

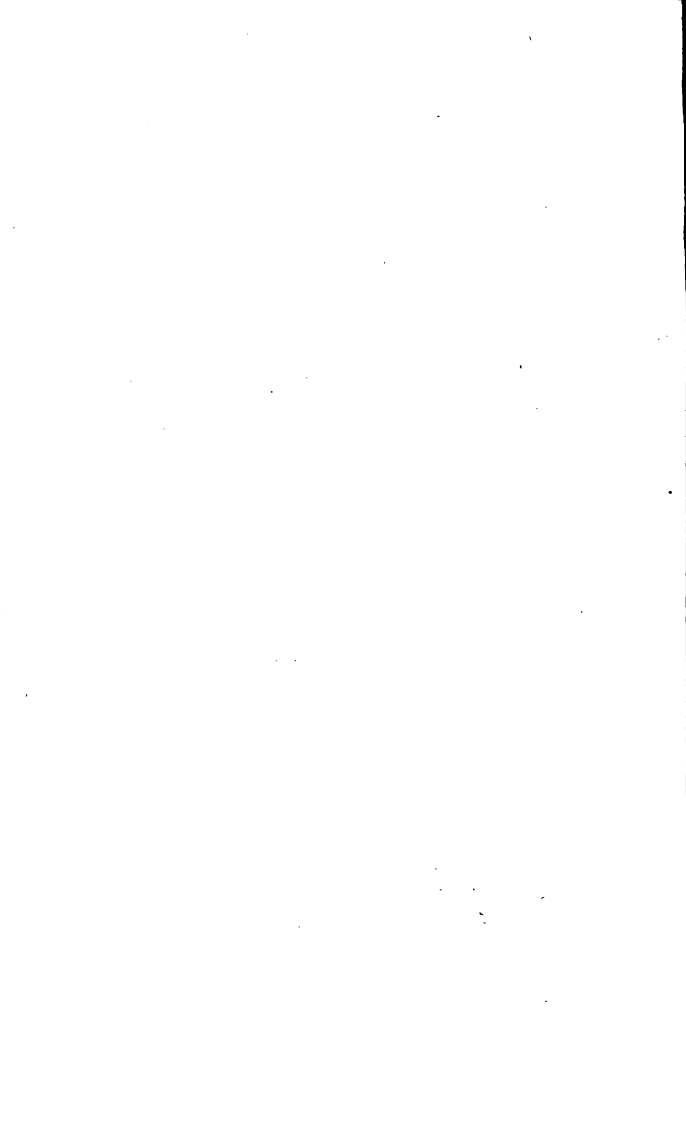
Back to the quiet scenes
Where erst your childhood strayed ;
Back to the green and ancient trees,
Whose branches sweep the glade.

Back to the sparkling streams
That marked your infant play,
And still a tuneful welcome speak,
While rushing on their way.

Back to your Pastor's side,
The aged and the true,
Beloved wanderers, come ! return !
Affection waits for you.

Come to your father's graves,
Who in their Saviour sleep,
And muse upon the hallowed sod,
Yet not to idly weep.

But to renew your vow
With former zeal and love,
Their precepts and their path to keep,
Until ye meet above.



SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

~~~~~  
**BY JAMES GOOLEY, ESQ.**  
~~~~~

KINDRED AND FRIENDS :

It is a duty allotted to me on this occasion, to tender to this assembly, and particularly the native emigrants from this town, the greetings of friendship ; to extend to you the kind salutations of affection and love, and welcome you to this our Jubilee.

To you who have come here from the far regions of the west and the south, or the less remote locations of the north and the east, we greet you. To you who have left your adopted homes to revisit these scenes of your childhood, kindly we greet you. The old mansions in which you were cradled, greet you. The rough hills and vallies, still occupying the same old immoveable positions, with their rugged smiles, greet you. The crystal fountains that gush from the hillsides and trickle in limpid streams through these deep vallies, greet you. The balmy winds, the salubrious breath of heaven, wafted down from these tall cliffs, teeming with the blessed elements of health and life, salute you. All these old

moss-covered granite rocks that have been dumb for five thousand years, have, all at once, become vocal, and on this occasion echo to you the voice of welcome.

We are met, my friends, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the pastoral life of our present minister. It is our Jubilee, hallowed by antiquity to mutual kindness, forbearance, and social benevolence, when every man is to return to his kindred and family.

It is indeed no ordinary occasion. We seldom hear, and still more seldom see, an occasion like this. The annals of our country show but few such seasons, and a sense of grateful acknowledgment requires that it be noticed with a flow of rational joy and gratitude. We do not claim it as a cause of special excitement; nothing thrilling in the event or the circumstance.

We boast no human achievement, no deeds of valor, no array of armies or blood-stained battle fields. We boast no victory over our fellow men; no roar of cannon heralds in the morning. We gather here to acknowledge in solemn humility, a remarkable event in Divine Providence, peculiarly dispensed to this people for wise and benevolent purposes, and it is proper that the occasion, like the Jubilee of the Hebrews, should bring together long separated friends, to meet in

mutual congratulations, and breathe again the air of their fathers.

Although we boast no deeds of human heroism, no triumph over a fallen foe ; yet we deem the occasion worthy of the generous elation of our hearts, that the town of Granville, humble indeed as we are, situated upon the Alps of New England, should in the Providence of God, present to the world so remarkable an era, a period that seems to fill up, as it were, an epoch in the annals of time.

And in commemorating this event, we are led to many reflections ; some solemn, some joyful. If we look back to scenes of former times ; to the commencement of this era, it recalls to our recollection the spirit of our ancestors ; their noble deeds ; and shows a bright spot in their characters worthy of our pride and veneration.

Fifty years ago they laid the plan for the event which we have realised, and which we this day commemorate. By their voluntary contributions they raised and established a fund, the income of which was devoted to the perpetual support of a Gospel Minister. At this time, and under these auspices our present pastor was settled. In this connexion we have continued a half century. A generation has passed away, and a new one has taken their place.

Among the long list of those worthy donors, scarce a single individual remains among us. One by one they have gone; their names are erased from the subscription book, and we look about in vain for their faces; they were prominent men in this house, but now their seats are vacant. We go to their old homesteads and their farm-houses, they are not there; we go into the fields and trace the familiar pathways, hallowed by their footsteps, we find them not; we climb upon some eminence and shout aloud their names, they hear us not; no answer returns; no response but a sad and melancholy echo.

‘Our fathers, where are they?’ Where are the men who founded our institutions, established our ordinances, earned our inheritances, built our school-houses, and put in motion the noble system by which we live with so much ease and comfort? Where are the men who toiled up and down these hills by day and by night; and the women too? Those blessed mothers who nourished and cherished us, who gave life and sustenance, and energy, and capacity, and character, to this living multitude? Where are those good old Puritan standards? Gone! They have done their work and gone to their rest.

‘In yonder churchyard’s still, secluded shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in their narrow cell forever laid,

The rude forefathers of our hamlet sleep.’

And, blessed be God, there is a country beyond that lonely spot where trials cease, their toils are forgotten, and their reward is immortal glory.

And may we not indulge an honest pride in contemplating the character of the descendants of this worthy ancestry?

Mother Granville, sterile and barren as she is, is not without merits. The good old lady has a name abroad, and she has a fair claim to a seat, although a low and humble one, in the temple of fame. She has produced a prolific progeny, and I may say, an honorable and a patriotic one; none more so. They may justly be said to possess the spirit and enterprise as well as the blood of their fathers. Travel where you will, you meet them. Go into the boat, the cars, the hotels, behind the counter, in the shops, in the fields, in the factories, at the bar, and in the Senate of the United States. But alas! our Senator is no more! We have to mourn the loss of one of our noble sons; he whose voice could charm a Senate, and to whom the hierarchies would almost listen, is silent in his tomb; the earth covers him. That pillar in our national councils has fallen, and he sleeps with the illustrious dead.

If this apostrophe is a digression from my subject, I hope to be pardoned; as what traveller

would not turn aside to drop a tear at the tomb
of ISAAC CHAPMAN BATES.

The address was here suspended, while the following
Ode by Mrs. Sigourney, on the death of Mr. BATES, was
sung by the choir.

A VOICE was in the lofty halls
Where meet the high, and great,
And long the listener's ear enchained
With eloquent debate.

The voice of him who e'er maintained
High thought, and noble deed,
Was in its vigor lifted up,
Still, for the right to plead.

A sudden pause !—That voice no more
Upheld a nation's trust,
But from the open grave there came
An echo,—‘dust to dust !’

A cry of mourning from the home
Where sweet affections dwell,
And silence settling round the hearth
Where his loved accents fell.

Ah ! long shall smitten love deplore
This fearful stroke of fate,
And patriot virtue grateful bless
The unforgotten great.

I was remarking that the sons of Granville,
were scattered abroad, and were found in every

station and situation in life. Many of them are in the learned professions, adorning the pulpit, the bar, and the bench of justice.

No matter how exalted the station, they are adequate to its dignity. They are neither idle nor dull. Their views are not bounded by plan nor distance. They are on the shores of the Atlantic and the Pacific. They are on the borders of the lakes, they are on the Mississippi and the great rivers of the West, and all along from New Orleans to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. No country so remote, and no climate so inhospitable but they venture there.

The same spirit of enterprise and perseverance that led our pilgrim fathers across the ocean, prompts them to go. Every breeze wafts them; and when they stop, the spot on which they light, becomes at once a scene of industry and business. The great moral principles of New England life are planted deep, and their habitations soon exhibit a picture of plenty, wealth, and independence, and every thing that contributes to human comfort and happiness.

It may be boasting; be it so, it is nevertheless true, that some of the proudest states in the Union have received a mighty impulse from this poor town. Who settled western New York? Who opened the avenues to the Great Genesee Valley,

and the shores of the Lakes? The sons of Granville; Oliver Phelps, Ezra Marvin, Abner Barlow. These were the men that planned the enterprise, and pursued the project that terminated in a permanent settlement of that fertile region. These men, with others of our citizens, were the fearless spirits that first penetrated that wilderness. They cut a passage through the dense forests of the Mohawk and dragged their teams through mud and over unbridged creeks and rivers, and carried life and light and activity and civilization into that noble country. Plymouth rock never witnessed a bolder stroke than this. They feared nothing. If there were 'Lions in the way,' they tamed them. The Anakims they vanquished. The frightened savages fled before them, or settled down quietly by their side. These are the men that first turned up the turf of those rich wheat fields, and laid the foundations of those splendid cities and villages of the west.

So also the State of Ohio. That sturdy young giant of the Union has had a swarm from this old hive, which has spread an influence over that land which will tell as long as time lasts.

Forty years ago, the whole lake shore of that state was a mere waste; a darksome forest. The wild Indian paddled his bark canoe along those beautiful waters and streams. The rough lake

winds whistled through the forests. No civilized foot was there, until our citizens opened the way. It is well remembered what numbers left this place. Whole families, men, women and children, old and young, abandoned their native home, to seek their fortunes in this new country. This was an enterprise few men would undertake.

A long journey of seven hundred miles was before them. No railroads, no canals or steamboats; a mere over-land journey, through swamps and untrod deserts; a constant toil by day and by night for more than forty days. But they were the choice spirits of New England; legitimate sons of old Granville, who shrunk at no hardship and feared no peril. They saw in the heavens the pillar and the cloud; they placed their hopes and their anticipations, and their all in the most high God, and thus they passed the Jordan. The walls of Jericho crumbled down before them, and with loud hosannas, they placed their feet upon the promised land. Here they were like the precious 'hundred and one,' that landed from the May Flower two hundred years before; worn out with fatigue. No dwelling to cover them; no father, or brothers, or friends to receive and welcome them; a howling wilderness before them; their funds probably exhausted. But, if they had nothing in their pockets, their heads and hearts

were full ; they had untired courage and strong moral and intellectual power. The sun, moon and stars were shining above them in all their brilliancy, and the blessed canopy of heaven was dropping down manna in their paths.

From the rude cabin of logs and bark, rolled up in a single day, has succeeded the stately mansion ; churches and colleges have arisen all over the country, and adorn the land like brilliants in the coronet of a prince. Wealth and plenty surround them ; prosperity and comfort prevails in their dwellings ; and great joy and rejoicing in their habitations.

And now, my friends, may you enjoy the festivities of this day with all its anticipated pleasures, and when we part, may you still be under the guidance of that power whose tender mercies are over all his works ; and may we all hereafter meet to spend an unending Jubilee in mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

**NAMES OF THE CHOIR OF SINGERS AT THE
JUBILEE, AUGUST, 1845.**

ORVILLE NOBLE, *Chorister.*

JAMES P. COOLEY, *Organist.*

**James S. Andrews,
Porter E. Gowdy,
Eliphalet Wright,
David Kellogg,
Orson Gibbons,
Orsemus Gibbons,
Martin Gibbons,
Chauncey Howe,
Carleton Brown,
Newton Seymour,
Henry Clark,
Sanford Clark,
Milton Seymour,
Asa Seymour,
George King,
Linus Gibbons,
Moses Gibbons,
Henry Tryon,
Franklin Cooley,
Edward Spelman,
Tirzah M. Parsons,
Sarah S. Ranney,
Sarah A. Noble,
Julia H. Bates,**

**Lucina Spelman,
Sybil C. Andrews,
Celia E. Brown,
Maria M. Kellogg,
Elizabeth Gibbons,
Martha Gibbons,
Sarah E. Tillotson,
Jane Parsons,
Flora Hodge,
Alzira Rose,
Laura Seymour,
Caroline Bancroft,
Martha Gibbons,
Mary Gibbons,
Lucina Gibbons,
Charlotte Gibbons,
Caroline Seymour,
Elizabeth Clark,
Almira Tillotson,
Susan Rose,
Ellen Cooley,
Abigail Hatch,
Maria Hatch.**

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

BY REV. DOCT. COOLEY.

LOVE of home is a principle which we all honor. We look back upon the scenes of early life with a kind of hallowed enthusiasm. The recollections of the family circle, the humble school-house, the hill-side for winter pastime: especially the recollection of the great family Bible, the morning and evening prayer, the Saturday evening catechising, mingled with councils and tears, are all written on the mind as with the 'diamond's point.'

Wherever the spirit of adventure or enterprise may have borne you, love of home, sooner than any other emotion, will call forth the tears of joyous and painful recollections. Moved by this honorable affection, an unwonted multitude are now crowding around us.

Sons and daughters of Granville, we welcome you here. In obedience to our call you have come from the great West, from the South and from the North; from remote cities and villages, from the farm-house, the workshop and the counting-room; from the toils and cares of professional life, you

have come to celebrate the Granville Jubilee. I repeat it, **WE WELCOME YOU ALL HERE.** We welcome you to this pure air which you breathed in your infancy, and to this pure water from the mountain rock. We welcome you to our houses and to our hearts. Especially do we welcome you into this 'Holy of Holies,' where your godly fathers and mothers loved to meet, where many of you were dedicated with baptismal water, and where not a few of you having believed on the Lord Jesus, here in these courts 'sealed your engagement to be the Lord's.'

You have come to visit the place of your fathers' sepulchres; how appropriate therefore to commemorate the virtues of those to whom under God we are indebted for our most valuable blessings.

The sons of Granville love and revere the place which gave them birth. True, indeed, we have nothing whereof to glory; we are but a speck on the map of our country. Scarcely are we known beyond the rock-bound mountains which surround us.

We have no peculiar water privileges, no factories with their ten thousand spindles, no rich prairies with golden wheat harvests; indeed, no place will suffer us to claim a kindred, except perhaps the 'High Alps' of Switzerland. We have, however here, among these rocks and hill

sides, *mind* which is capable of the diamond polish. God in his providence has raised up a generation here, who have spread themselves through the land, and by their enterprise and virtuous deeds, have reflected honor upon their parents and their birth place.

The first inhabitants of this town were descendants of the pilgrims, and some of them can trace their origin to the 'hundred and one' who landed on Plymouth rock. More than a century has rolled away since the first adventurer fixed his humble dwelling here, (1736). By a little aid of the imagination, we seem to see the lonely pilgrim, with no associate but the wife of his youth, bidding farewell to home and kindred, and wending his way to these untrodden wilds. It was then as great an enterprise to emigrate from Springfield to Bedford, (the early name of this town,) as it is now to travel to the Rocky mountains.

Samuel Bancroft, of Springfield, was the first settler; he built the first rude cabin here, and may be regarded as the patriarch of Granville. He was a facetious, kind hearted, industrious man, a little below mediocrity in stature. Some of us remember him well, when he appeared abroad, especially on the Sabbath, in his antique dress, with his triangular cocked hat, and the still

more imposing appendage of a white bush wig, inspiring the reverence of beholders. He was one of the first board of Selectmen in Granville, and in 1775 was chosen Representative to the General Court in Watertown.

The next settlers were Daniel Cooley, Jonathan Rose, Samuel Gillett, Thomas Spelman, John Root, Ephraim Manson, Phineas Pratt, and Thomas Brown, Esq.

A little later, Jabez Dunham, Peter Gibbons, Jonathan Church; and still later, Asa Seymour, Esq. The longevity of our ancestors was *remarkable*. The ancestor of the Spelmans died at the age of 93; of the Roots, 91; of the Churches, 95; Cooleys, 90; Gilletts, 87; Gibbons, 92; Rose, 103. The manner in which some of them came to their end, was also *remarkable*. Samuel Gillett fell dead while walking in his field; the first death in Granville, 1739. Samuel Bancroft retired in health and died before morning; Daniel Cooley died of a wound; Jonathan Rose perished in his burning buildings; Ephraim Manson while working off his potash, at a late hour of night, slipped into the boiling caldron, while at its most intense heat; though he rescued himself so as to give alarm, died in a few hours. The skin came off from his hands entire, like a glove. While the voice of promise said: 'Thy

days shall be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' another voice cried: 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.'

The first house in Middle Granville was built by David Rose, mostly of stone, as a safe-guard against savage invasion. The other early settlers were John Bates, David Clark, the Robinsons, Parsons, Curtisses, Coes, and Baldwins. The West Parish, (for I shall speak of the three parishes as they were before the incorporation of Tolland,) was not settled till the year 1750. The early inhabitants were James Barlow, Samuel Hubbard, Moses Goff, Titus Fowler, Esq., David Fowler, Robert Hamilton, Thomas Hamilton, and James Hamilton.

The town of Granville was purchased by Anthony Mather, of one Tote, an Indian sachem. It lies on the eastern part of one of the ranges of the Green Mountains, having Connecticut line for its southern boundary. Length, fifteen miles; breadth, seven miles on the west boundary, and five miles on the east, comprising 41,193 acres. In the distribution of settling lots, 2,070 acres were appropriated to public uses.

In 1754, it was incorporated and 'invested with the powers and privileges and immunities that towns in the province do, or may enjoy, that

of sending a representative to the the general court excepted.

'The war spirit which has spread 'weeping, lamentation and woe through the earth,' was early felt in this peaceful and retired settlement. Our country from the first, has been the scene of sanguinary achievements. Necessity compelled our fathers to make provisions for self-preservation.

'The band of persecuted believers soon became a band of Christian soldiers.'

Massachusetts, 'the cradle of the Independence,' furnished one third of the soldiers for the war of the revolution,* and few towns in the state, of no greater resources, contributed more efficient means in the prosecution of that eventful struggle than the town of Granville.

The aggressive acts of the British Parliament caused an excitement, like an electric spark, to fly through the States. Our fathers caught the patriotic enthusiasm, and as early as July 11th, 1774, a town meeting was held, and a committee raised 'to inspect the debate subsisting between the mother country and the inhabitants of America.

The committee were Timothy Robinson, Esq.,

* Whole number 220,000, of which Massachusetts furnished 69,000.

Dea. Luke Hitchcock, Hon. Oliver Phelps, Josiah Harvey Esq., Lieut. Samuel Bancroft, Nathan Barlow, and John Hamilton. At a future meeting, the committee reported a number of spirited and patriotic resolutions, which were adopted unanimously. The following is a specimen: 'That the inhabitants of his majesty's province, and the other colonies in America are justly entitled to all the rights, liberties, and privileges that the inhabitants of Great Britain are entitled to, and we would humbly request, and confidently challenge these rights, liberties, and privileges to us belonging, as free, natural born, English subjects.'

'That it is our opinion, that the acts of Parliament are calculated to enslave those, his majesty's free and loyal subjects in America.'

'That in order to obtain redress from the calamities in which we are so deeply involved, it is our opinion that a suspension of all commerce with Great Britain be solemnly subscribed to by the people.'

This is the language, and these were the movements of high-minded, patriotic men.

Here is the wisdom, the intelligence, the decision of character, the unflinching courage, the love of liberty, which marked the character of our fathers, and our country in 'times which

tried mens' souls.' Here is not the *mob-spirit*, but the dignified style of men 'resolved to be free.' In less than one year after this, the first blood was shed at Lexington, April 19th, 1775.

In March 1775, this town voted to raise fifty pounds, to encourage fifty men to enlist as 'minute men.'

In 1781 'the town raised £756 9s 4d, silver money, as a bounty to encourage sixty men to enlist in the continental army.' It cost them blood as well as treasure.

The flower and strength of the town were under enlistment, and as many as fourteen perished in the army. Cromwell's soldiers carried the Bible into the field, *in their pockets*; not a few of ours, it is believed, carried *it in their hearts*.

Isaac Chapman, a young man of fervent piety, and of great excellence, having left his youthful and beautiful wife, with an infant* in her arms, died in the camp, at Ticonderoga, and was buried on the banks of Lake Champlain.

Luke Hitchcock, a pillar in the town, a pillar and an officer in the church, being one of a volunteer company, for an attack on Crown Point, died of the camp fever, in New Lebanon, on his homeward march, at the house of one Mr.

* Madam Content Cooley.

Douglass, who was friendly enough to take him in for the night.

Enos Seaward, a son of pious parents, died at New London. John Bartlett, in the battle at White Plains, took aim at one of the light horse, as he was rushing towards him, and his piece missing fire, the enemy with his broad sword severed his head in the midst, and the two parts fell upon his shoulders. Two of our men fell at Stone Arabia, mingling their blood with that of many of the brave sons of Massachusetts, in the murderous attack of the indians on the banks of the Mohawk.

‘Here few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier’s sepulchre.’

Oh! how fervently must we cry to God, that he would ‘rebuke the nations, and that men may learn war no more.’

But let us turn from these affecting recitals to a subject which is friendly to universal peace and good will to men.

The maxim of the pilgrims; ‘a school for every district, a Bible for every family, a minister for every town,’ was very fully carried out by our pious fathers. As early as 1762, the town voted to raise £20 for the support of schools, and each

succeeding year, 1775 and 1776 excepted, the town made appropriations for elementary instruction.

In 1837 an Academy was erected in Middle Granville, which is exerting a good influence in the cause of education.

We are not behind other places in liberally educated, distinguished, and self-made men. As many as thirty have received literary degrees from American Colleges.

*Rufus Harvey,	Y. C. 1789
Timothy M. Cooley,	Y. C. 1792
Elijah Bates,	Y. C. 1794
*Stephen Twining,	Y. C. 1795
*David B. Curtiss,	W. C. 1801
Truman Baldwin,	Y. C. 1802
*Isaac Chapman Bates,	Y. C. 1802
Seth M. Leavenworth,	W. C. 1808
*Gurdon Hall,	W. C. 1808
*Lorrin Chittendon Hatch,	W. C. 1810
John Seward,	W. C. 1810
Harvey Coe,	W. C. 1811
Charles F. Bates,	W. C. 1812
Junius H. Hatch,	M. C. 1813
*Charles Stebbins Robinson,	W. C. 1814
Thomas Twining,	W. C. 1814
Roger C. Hatch,	Y. C. 1815
Timothy Chapman Cooley,	W. C. 1816
Augustus Pomeroy,	W. C. 1821

*David Lyman Coe,	W C. 1818
James Cooley,	W. C. 1818
*Joseph Ives Foot, D. D.,	1821
*Curtiss Phelps Baker,	W. C. 1821
*William Webster,	
George Foot,	U. C. 1823
*Benson Baldwin,	M. C.
*Louis Ensign Root,	U. C.
Gurdon S. Stebbins,	W. C. 1830
John Cotton Terrett,	W. C. 1833
David Benton Coe,	Y. C. 1837
David Lyman Root,	B. U. 1843

Fourteen ministers, ten lawyers, two physicians. Several, without academical privileges, have risen to honor and usefulness.

Hon. Oliver Phelps, by his own efforts, rose from the humble condition of a servant boy, to a seat in the Governor's Council; as Commissary for the American army, he merited and received the thanks of the Commander in Chief. He removed to Canandaigua, N. Y., and was member of Congress and Judge in Ontario county. Died 26th Feb., 1809.

Col. Timothy Robinson possessed talents of a high order. As a civil magistrate, he tried many causes, and in no instance was his decision reversed in a higher court.

*Deceased.

In the time of Shay's rebellion, he and a company of the 'court party,' on their way to Springfield, in defence of government, were met by a party of the mob, double their number, and after a skirmish, near the great rock, were taken prisoners. 'The Colonel, as being the most obnoxious, was confined under a strong guard. Next day was Sabbath, and he read and prayed with them, and discoursed on state affairs, setting forth the moral wrong of resisting law by arms, especially when the people have all the power at the ballot box, of redressing their wrongs, by changing their rulers. They listened to their prisoner, for he wept and they wept. The result was, they all became politically converted, and the very next day, he and his guard proceeded to Springfield in the cause of 'law and order.'

In an hour of darkest and deepest affliction, he shewed an instance of calm submission which I cannot omit to mention. He was father of a brilliant family; all except one being daughters; a favorite was connected with a clergyman in Vermont. Having taken leave and gone to her new home; she had scarcely laid aside her bridal dress, when news flew back, as if the winds had given it speed, that their daughter died suddenly, and that by opium taken by her own hand.

The mother and the daughters shrieked and

cried aloud for grief and agony. The father entered the room at the moment, and with sternness of rebuke, characteristic of great minds, stamped upon the floor, and hushed the tumult; and then sitting down, with great parental kindness, commenced a train of remarks to sooth the broken heart and vindicate the sovereignty, goodness, and tender mercy of God. The effect was most happy.

Rev. Lemuel Haynes, when abandoned by his natural, or rather *unnatural* mother, found a home and a mother's care in this place. He was bound out as a servant, at the age of five months, and at the age of twenty-seven, in spite of all the prejudices of color and cast, he occupied a pulpit in this place, with universal approbation.

The apple tree is still standing, where the Saviour found him and made him free. The story of the Saturday evening sermon, and the chimney corner education of Lemuel Haynes is worthy of being told on the banks of the Senegal, in the days of the millenium.

Hon. Timothy Rose was the instrument of planting a colony in the centre of Ohio. His name, like that of William Penn, will be long held in affectionate remembrance.

Hon. John Phelps, graduate of Harvard University; High Sheriff of Hampden County, was

distinguished for his activity, kindness, and generosity.

Asa Seymour, Esq., with a very scanty education, exerted great influence. He was remarkable for short convincing speeches in town meeting. After giving out his three or four brief sentences on some difficult and vexing subject, it was 'as when in old time they asked counsel at Abel, and so they ended the matter.'

James Barlow, Esq., by industry, and integrity, and kindness, merited the love of all; the friend of the friendless.

Joel Root, Esq., without patrimony, by habits of economy and industry accumulated an amount of wealth attained by few.

Hezekiah Robinson, Esq., though a humble mechanic, was a benefactor to the world. His shop was the resort of the poor and friendless young man, many of whom by the influence of his business habits and unfeigned piety, are now among the most respectable sons of Granville.

The lamented Noah Cooley, Esq., was a self made man. His sun went down while it was yet noon. He left a valuable patrimony to his orphan and amiable children; and what is better than wealth, the legacy of an unblemished reputation.

Rev. Gurdon Hall was born in West Gran-

ville, April 8, 1784, and gave early indications of talents of the first order.

Rev. Roger Harrison, a boarder in the family of his father, proposed to young Hall the subject of acquiring a liberal education, which pleased him much. His father was much opposed, but Hall was not to be moved from his purpose, and by his '*constant pleading*,' and by the '*intercession and advice of his minister*,' at length obtained his father's consent, and at the age of nineteen, commenced his studies preparatory for college, with Rev. Mr. Harrison.

He was instructed with accuracy, and said President Fitch, on his examination for admission into Williams College, 'He understands the very radix of the languages.' In the course of College life, a revival commenced in his native place, and during vacation, his mind which had been hitherto thoughtless, was somewhat impressed, and on his return to college, a powerful revival commenced in that Institution.

Hall was among the most prominent subjects. He was one of those 'choice spirits' in Williams College, in whose breasts was first kindled a zeal for missions among the heathen. 'On Wednesday afternoon,' says President Griffin, 'they used to retire for prayer to the bottom of the valley south of the west college, and on Saturday

afternoons, to the more remote meadow, on the bank of the Hoosack; and there, under the haystacks, those young Elijahs prayed into existence the embryo of American Missions to the heathen.'

He was valedictory orator when he was graduated at Williams College. He was one of the first company of American Missionaries to heathen lands. No one was more eminently qualified. He possessed hardihood and great physical strength. He outlived several of the mission family. He sent his wife and two sons to his native land, and he soon heard the painful intelligence that one of the dear boys died on his passage, and the great deep was his grave. The other son survives, and is a youth of great promise.

On the 2d of March, 1826, Mr. Hall left the Mission House at Bombay, on a tour, expecting to return in one month. Alas! he went to that 'bourne from whence no traveller returns!'

On the 20th he died at Doorlee Dapoor, aged 42 years. On the preceding day he reached the heathen temple, in good health. At four in the morning he was seized by the hand of death. He had disposed of the last particle of medicine he had with him, and had now none for himself. He counselled and prayed with those around him, and sweetly fell asleep on the bosom of Jesus.

Last, but not least ; the Hon. Isaac Chapman Bates, the statesman, the Christian, the eloquent orator, whose voice has long been heard in the Legislature of the nation, and whom we hoped to have seen on this day, has died to live. He slumbers in the same grounds with Strong, and Hooker, and Stoddard, and Brainard, honorable and pious dead, without leaving an enemy to plant a thorn upon his grave.

I could not omit these ‘ meditations among the tombs.’ I might prolong them, but I forbear. It is an office of great delicacy to characterize the *dead*, and still more so, the *living*.

Hon. Anson V. Parsons, of Pennsylvania ; Hon. Samuel Bancroft, of Ohio ; Elijah Bates, Esq., Enoch Drake, Esq., Silas Winchell, Esq., Hon. Patrick Boise, a son of Granville by adoption, James Cooley, Esq., Vincent Holcomb, Esq., Israel Parsons, Esq., Joseph J. West, the Barlows, Spelmans, Cooleys, Roses, Dickinsons, Bancrofts Coes, Robinsons, Gibbonses, Marvins, Amesess ; and many others of the sons of Granville, dispersed from New Orleans to the lakes of the North, to whom we might make reference, are names whom we wish to commemorate on this occasion. Indeed, to every son and daughter, born within our bounds, we desire to extend the benediction : ‘ The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and

be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace.

I have spoken of the *school house*; the *meeting house* rose up promptly by its side. Our first house of worship was erected at so early a date, that no record tells when the corner stone thereof was laid. There is a faint tradition that when it was raised, every man, woman and child in the town, could be comfortably seated on the sills of the house. The house had no bell, nor cushions, nor carpet, nor stoves, nor blinds, nor organ, for the comfort and delight of the worshippers; but there were warm hearts which might well put to blush many of their descendants.

The meeting house in Middle Granville was built in 1778. The first in West Granville was raised in 1795, and the second was begun, finished and dedicated in 1843. The Baptist meeting house was finished in 1824; and this house in which we are now assembled was raised May 27th, 1802, and dedicated Nov. 10th. The bell was a free-will offering, from the ladies of the parish; and their daughters, by their own industry, have contributed many articles 'to beautify the house of the Lord.'

These six houses, built for God, well proportioned, and well finished, are a testimony that the inhabitants are not infidels, but Christians;

and that they appreciate in some sense, the hallowing principles of the Christian religion. They have not been reared up as an engine of state policy, or merely as an ornament to our villages, but as places of sacred resort, where 'the rich and the poor meet together' to worship him 'who is the Maker of them all.'

Measures have not been wanting to supply these pulpits with a pious, orthodox ministry.

In West Granville, a church was organized in 1797,¹ and Jan. 13th 1799, Rev. Roger Harrison was ordained, and is still living. Rev. Alonzo Sanderson, the present Pastor, was ordained July 12, 1844.

In Middle Granville, the church² was formed Nov. 17th, 1781, and Rev. Aaron J. Booge ordained as Pastor, Nov. 17th, 1786, and his ministry of six years was closed by dismissal.

Rev. Joel Baker was ordained Jan. 21, 1797. He continued the faithful and successful pastor till his death. He was especially gifted in prayer, and in pastoral visitation. The last year of his life he was unable to preach, and was assisted

¹ *Deacons*, Thomas Twining, Marvin Moore, Silas Knight, William Freeman, Warren Gates, Philo Smith, Edward L. Tinker, Elizur D. Moore.

This church was formed by a council, consisting of Rev. Messrs. Nathaniel Gaylord, Jacob Catlin, D. D., and Timothy M. Cooley.

² Comprising twenty eight members, fourteen males and fourteen females.

by a colleague; and in Sept. 1832, with great peace and in the full assurance of hope, he fell asleep in Jesus. His successors were Rev. Seth Chapin, and Rev. Henry Eddy. The present pastor is Rev. Calvin Foote, installed Sept. 1st, 1841.¹

The Baptist church in East Granville, was organized, Feb. 19, 1791, and in 1808 numbered eighty-two members. In 1798, Elder Christopher Miner preached with them, continuing as stated supply for ten years.

Rev. Silas Root was ordained pastor, Jan. 5, 1817. His successors were Rev. Richard Grifing, Rev. John Higby. The present pastor is Rev. George D. Felton.²

This beloved sister church though of another name, has risen up by our side, and we cheerfully give her the right hand of fellowship.

If we do not hold to *one baptism*, we agree in 'one Lord and one faith,' and we do not reject those whom Christ receives; and if we do not 'go to the same house of God in company' we can 'take sweet counsel together.' And if we do not 'see eye to eye' so as to meet at the same 'table of the Lord's supper,' we hope to meet at the 'marriage supper of the Lamb.'

¹ Deacons, Timothy Robinson, Aaron Coe, Elihu Adkins, Elihu Fennerey, Hezekiah Robinson, Nathan Parsons, George Shepard, Lyman Shepard.

² Deacons, Elijah Spelman, Lemuel Bancroft.

No record tells us when the first congregational church was formed in Granville, and the first pastor ordained. The early inhabitants lived in the time of the 'great awakening' in the days of Edwards and Whitefield, and some of them heard the living voices of those holy men, when 30,000, or even 50,000 were born into the Kingdom of Christ. The first members of this church, warm-hearted from the pungent sermons of Reynolds, Pomeroy, Devotion, Chauncey, and Russell, planted themselves here, because, as one of the members piously remarked, 'it is the very best place to prepare for heaven.' They assembled on these hill sides, without concert, and with no bond of union, except the glowing love of young converts. When they had been here about eleven years, few and feeble, but strong in faith, they had a meeting house, a church organization, and a settled pastor. Rev. Moses Tuttle, the first minister, a graduate of Yale College, was ordained about 1747. His wife was one of the ten daughters of Rev. Timothy Edwards, of East Windsor, and sister of the great Jonathan Edwards of Northampton; and it is a pleasing conjecture, and not improbable, that his brother in law, and perhaps, the venerable father, nearly four score years old, were present and aided in the ordination solem-

nities. Mr. Tuttle was an orthodox, and faithful minister, and his short ministry, of six years, was blessed with prosperity and peace. The good man, after his dismissal, preached in various places, and died in peace at Southhold, Long-Island, in a good old age.

‘March, 1753, the church in Bedford, in their desolate circumstances, held a meeting; chose David Rose moderator, Ebenezer Seaward, clerk. Agreed that Cambridge platform be read. Agreed that some persons be chosen to examine said platform, and give their thought concerning the meaning of it.’

‘Firstly, we agree that grace is of absolute necessity to the right receiving of the Lord’s Supper, and we find no Divine rule for a wrong receiving of it.

‘We agree that if any person shall manifestly declare that the Lord’s supper is a converting ordinance, he shall not be admitted into our fellowship.’

We admire these plain principles for their brevity, and their orthodoxy. At this early period, error was abroad in the land, and the famous Mr. Stoddard of Northampton, and a majority of the churches in Hampshire county, believed and professed, that ‘the sacrament of the Lord’s supper was a converting ordinance.’

The great Edwards was not suffered to make his plea against this delusive error. It is grateful to know that the little church here were 'valiant for the truth.'

'In Sept. 1755, Mr. Cornelius Jones received a call to the pastoral office, but declined it.'

'In August 2d, 1756, voted that Mr. Jedediah Smith be a minister in Granville.' He was to receive as settlement, £100, and as salary £50 annually, and his wood, and after the French war, £5 was to be added.

In Dec. 1756, he was ordained to the pastoral office. The second week after the ordination, the church met and re-affirmed their opposition to the Stoddardean practice.

'At an adjourned meeting, Mr. Justus Rose was called, upon probation, and upon proof and trial for the office of Deacon.

'Voted, that Watts's psalms be sung.'

'The movements of this church are marked, thus far, with great prudence. Justus Rose then 32 years old, was called to the office of deacon, but not without '*proof and trial*.' Nothing was done with haste. The introduction of a new psalm book, was not attempted, without the action of the church. Thus commenced the ministry of Mr. Smith.

Said Lemuel Haynes : 'He was an evangelical

preacher. He used to make, at times, considerable impression on my mind. He used zealously to call upon the youth to remember their Creator.

‘He would preach to us the dreadful state of the damned.’

From such a church and from such a pastor, it was to be expected that the blessing of God would not be withheld.

In the second and third years of his ministry, was experienced one of those heavenly refreshings, which are the glory of our churches.

The spirit of God came down to open the eyes of the blind to their lost condition.

Says one of the subjects : ‘I found that for all my doings and good duties and strivings, I was not a whit nearer heaven than before. I continued lamenting my miserable condition until God was pleased to take away my burden.’

In the copious records of this blessed work of God’s grace, which time has spared, there is no intimation of *exalting* human agency. All the glory is ascribed to the Holy Ghost.

As many as thirty were added to the church by profession, and their influence has been perceptibly felt in the town for more than half a century.

In a work of God’s holy spirit, one is taken and another is left. Many fair moralists were

unaffected. A quickened conscience, however, could not fail of discerning, that a fearful line of demarcation was now drawn between themselves and professing Christians.

The Stoddardean principle, that 'the sacrament was a converting ordinance,' suited the wants of the self-righteous formalists. Mr. Smith was known to favor these views. The subject was discussed in open town meeting, and at length a council was called in to crush down the orthodox in the church. I cannot give you the details. The result was, that the doors of the church were flung open, and all persons, 'outwardly clean and doctrinally taught' were admitted to the Lord's supper without the pretence of piety. Halfway-covenanters (so called) were admitted to the privilege of baptism for their children.

Now, 'the glory was departed.' The pure principles of the church which had been affirmed and reaffirmed, were now abandoned. The best members 'hung their harps upon the willows, and wept when they remembered Zion.' Some were offended and withdrew, and set up a meeting in a barn, styling themselves *separates*. The church proceeded to call them to account as *covenant breakers*. For the space of three years and a half, painful efforts were made to reclaim them, but without effect. The church sent them

the first and second admonition, according to apostolic order, and as these measures were unheeded, they cut them off by excommunication.

Here a division commenced which time has failed to heal.

The remaining years of Mr. Smith's ministry were tumultuous and unblessed. Council after council was called in, to advise and to heal, but in vain. The separates were accused of covenant-breaking, the pastor of 'changing his principles,' and the church with 'holding fellowship with unsanctified men.' Crimination begat recrimination, till at length, the pastor, seeing no prospect of usefulness or cessation of strife, resolved to ask a dismissal. Accordingly, the pastoral relation was dissolved April 16, 1776.

Mr. Smith is spoken of as a man 'of remarkable piety, pleasantness and affability.' He immediately left the place with his numerous family, leaving many warm personal friends here. He embarked at Middletown Conn., for the South, and died on his passage up the Mississippi river. The funeral rites were attended, and he was buried on the land, but as the river gradually encroached upon the shore, the remains of my venerable predecessor, long since were washed away by the 'father of waters.'

A council was called by the church in their

‘desolate circumstances,’ and in the result, a new platform of church government, comprising essentially, the primitive principles of the church* was recommended.

On the first day of the year 1777, the church convened and observed a day of fasting and prayer, and renewal of covenant. They met again the second day, and resolved ‘that those men that were at the gathering of the church in Bedford should be the men to lead in the renewal of covenant.’

Thus the church was purged from corruptions and abuses and restored to her primeval purity. And if our venerable fathers could now come to us in their funereal vestments, how would they warn us to beware of abusing divine institutions, and trifling with sacramental seals : ‘For unto the wicked, God saith, what hast thou to do to declare my statutes, or that thou shouldst take my covenant in thy mouth.’

No wonder that the sacred seal of infant baptism, which had been applied to the children of unbelievers, should consequently be undervalued and neglected.

The church was now but a remnant.

* The council which gave this seasonable advice comprised the following persons :

Pastors—Rev. Stephen West, D. D., Rev. Jonathan Huntington, Rev. Daniel Collins, Rev. Lemuel Munson. Delegates : James Gray, Nathan Leonard, Lemuel Collins.

The separates were excluded on the one hand and the Stoddardeans on the other.

‘The daughter of Zion was left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a beseiged city.’ If Deacon Justus Rose and his four brothers who acted with him; Dea. Howe, the Coes and the Robinsons, who stood faithful among the faithless; if they had forsaken the church and joined with the separates on the one hand, or Stodardeans on the other, our Zion must have died without a helper, and infidels would have scoffed at her dying groans. But the Lord said: ‘Destroy it not for a blessing is in it.’

Seventeen hundred and eighty-seven was ‘a year of the right hand of the Almighty.’ God was pleased to send into this place a preacher of the gospel by the name of Barnabas Lathrop, a modest, holy man, of moderate talents and limited education. He came among us, as if dropped down from heaven, no one knew how or from whence. His method in the pulpit was very earnest, ‘and the Lord was with him.’ For thirty years neither rain nor dew had fallen upon these ‘mountains of Gilboa.’ He ventured to say to one of the deacons of the church: ‘There is going to be an awakening here.’ God’s time, ‘his set time to favor Zion was come,’ and the

Holy Spirit was poured out copiously upon the *children of the church*. Those who had 'caused divisions and offences contrary to the doctrine which they had received,' were left almost wholly unblest. As many as forty gave evidence of having passed from death unto life. Dec. 17, within a few days of ten years after the church had 'kept a day of fasting and prayer, and renewal of covenant,' was observed as a day of *Thanksgiving*, and of examining candidates for admission. Jan. 26, 1788, about thirty were admitted to the communion by Rev. Mr. Gillett of Torrington.* Memorable day! Such as had never been before witnessed in this place. Mr. Lathrop received a call for settlement, but through want of unanimity in the church and concurrence in the society, it was a failure, and the good man silently retired, whether into some obscure corner of the earth, or whether he has been dismissed to his rest, we have no means of deciding.

Rev. William Bradford labored several years as a stated supply, and although no revival occurred, he was blessed as a peace-maker, in healing divisions in the church, and thus preparing it for united action, in calling and settling a minister of the gospel.

* His text was, Jer. 3 19: 'But I said, how shall I put thee among the children.'

March 16, 1789, Mr. Sylvester Sage was invited to settle here in the work of the ministry, but refused. Dec. 14, 1792, the church gave a call to Mr. Silas Churchill, to become their pastor, but he declined it.

A half century has passed away since, with trembling, inexperienced steps, I entered this pulpit for the first time. Having on the 26th of May, 1795, at a meeting of the ministers of New Haven East association, at the house of Rev. Doct. Goodrich of Durham, received licence to preach the gospel, my first sermons on the first Sabbath in June, were preached in this pulpit. An event occurred here, the last and the least to be expected, in the common course of human events. On the 15th of Nov. the church met and voted: 'To give Mr. Timothy M. Cooley a call to settle with us as our gospel minister.'

That the church after so many years of controversy, should unite harmoniously in any one, and especially in one of their own sons, seemed most improbable. And that the Pastor elect should consent to become the teacher of father and mother, and grand-parents, and the venerable fathers in the church, and in the town, was equally improbable. In that day the law of Moses was in full force and virtue: 'Thou shalt

rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, I am the Lord.'

An urgent and unanimous call from another respectable and highly intelligent people, increased the perplexity.* Jan. 1, 1796, a reply to the call was presented, closing in the following manner :

'My relation to this church is peculiarly intimate; Having obtained your charity so far, even in my childhood, as to be received into your fellowship and communion.

You have watched over my conduct during that season of life, in which we are most exposed to wander. This lays me under great obligation to you. Confiding in your friendship I accept of your invitation, reposing an humble confidence in him who has promised to be with his apostles always, even unto the end of the world, Amen!'

On the 3d day of Feb. 1796, while standing in this memorable pulpit, I was solemnly consecrated to the pastoral office, by prayer and the

* 'At a town meeting legally warned and holden at Salisbury (by adjournment) on the 30th day of October, A. D. 1795, a vote was called for, (after considerable discussion, and mutual deliberation) to see whether we will give Mr. Timothy M. Cooley a call to settle in this town, in the work of the gospel ministry. Voted, unanimously in the affirmative. Voted, that we will give to the said Mr. Cooley the sum of £200 lawful money, as settlement. Voted, that we will give the said Mr. Cooley the sum of one hundred pounds lawful money, annually, as salary, during the time he shall perform the functions of a gospel minister with us. Voted, that Captain Milo Lee, Captain Nathaniel Freeman, and John Whittlesey, Esq., be a committee to wait on the said Mr. Cooley, with the doings of the meeting.

ASA HUTCHINSON, *Town Clerk.*

imposition of the hands of the presbytery, by my then fathers in the ministry, all of whom, with one exception,¹ have long since, one after another, finished their course and gone the way of all the earth. Rev. Joseph Badger led in the introductory prayer. Rev. Charles Backus D. D. preached the sermon.² Rev. Aaron Church offered the ordaining prayer. Rev. Joseph Lathrop, D. D., gave the charge. Rev. Bezaleel Howard, D. D. gave the right hand of fellowship, and Rev. Nathaniel Gaylord offered the concluding prayer.

The parish was small, comprising 877 souls; 438 males and 439 females, including many belonging to the Baptist church and society.

By a generous effort a fund was immediately raised for the support of the gospel.

Hon. Oliver Phelps made a liberal present of 500 dollars, to the Parish; the residue was contributed by *Eighty-one* persons, each one giving from one hundred pounds down to the widow's mite, according to their several ability; and thus by a freewill offering, and with great unanimity, they taxed themselves in due proportion, for the support of the ministry. The effect was good for many years.

In the commencement of my ministry, I took this for my motto: 'Feed my lambs.'

¹ Rev. Joseph Badger.

² From Romans i, ix.

For several years, instruction was given to children at appointed seasons, in the intermission on the Sabbath. I find the following record :

‘ Nov. 27, 1798, children were instructed in the Assembly’s catechism. Present, 69 males, 69 females.’

It is but too common, at this day, to cast contempt upon this excellent summary of Christian doctrine. I feel no sympathy with this course. I glory in these truths as the foundation of all our hopes, and all our comforts ; and I can cordially recommend this catechism to every Christian family. I hail it as an omen of a better day, that the ‘ Assembly’s shorter catechism ’ is resuming its place in Sabbath school and family instruction.

There is a chapter in our history, which my own feelings might prompt me to pass over in silence, but a regard to truth and duty forbid the omission.

Thanksgiving day, in the primitive days of New England, was a religious festival, most sacredly observed. Later years have perverted the hallowed season to vain mirth, and intemperate revelry. In 1797, Thanksgiving ball came on here, and it was a season which had been long and anxiously anticipated ; and there was an unusual assemblage of the young, of all conditions. One heavenly minded father had

said to his son at parting: 'You may go, but I shall pray for you all the while.' The sound of the violin and the cheerful faces of all present, enraptured every heart. But the movements of the dance had not continued long, when 'death with his pale horse entered the chamber and hell followed after him.' The chief manager of the ceremonies was attacked with mortal disease and carried out of the assembly. Still, the dance went on; but a few hasty moments passed before the young man who left home with his pious father's warning sounding in his ear, was attacked in the same manner and carried out in the agonies of remorse, as well as distressing pain. An attempt was made by some of the stout hearted, to stifle the fearful emotions, and proceed, but the amusement was scarcely resumed, when a young lady was taken dangerously ill, and carried home. It now seemed like Belshazzar's hall when 'a man's hand came forth and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the King's palace.'

The most stout hearted sat down, and the music stopped. Said a young lady, a favorite of the company, 'we could dance no longer.' Some proposed singing, but the hand of the Almighty had turned their mirth into the deepest sadness. At breaking up and separating, as if judgment

still pursued them, one young man fell as he mounted his horse, and had his arm broken. The young man who left home with his father's faithful warning, was carried back the next day, and was met at the door, by his father with a smile of forgiving kindness.

The young lady was still more dangerously ill. Once and again I was myself called in to see her breathe her last. The person is present here, who commenced making her funeral dress. The chief manager was carried home to *die*! He survived but ten days, with his mind filled with fearful forebodings, and his body with deadly pain. When told by his anxious mother that he must die, he cried in the agony of deepest despair, 'O mother! mother! don't let me die; I cannot die, I am unprepared.'

Thus died the gay, the youthful, the reckless John Sweatman, leaving fearful apprehensions, as to what became of his *soul*.

The impressions made upon many of the youth at the chamber of mirth, at the death bed, and at the funeral services, never wore off. This was the end of the giddy recreation of the ball chamber, with that entire generation; and for the greatest part of half a century, the most intelligent and pious among us, of all ages, have discountenanced such vanities.

Early the next year, a revival of religion commenced. Professing Christians were much awakened and breathed out their earnest desires for a revival. Christian parents were very anxious for their children, and many like Simeon, were waiting for 'the consolation of Israel.'

On the second Sabbath in June, a very plain sermon was preached from Ezekiel 37, iii. which was blessed to the awakening of a number of the impenitent. The work of God's Holy Spirit which had been many days concealed, now burst forth. The glorious work spread with surprising rapidity through the place. Few whether old or young remained unaffected. It was evidently the work of God's holy spirit. No extraordinary means or measures were employed, and nearly all the labor was performed by myself, with what aid I could find within my own parish.

The height of the work was in the midst of the ingathering of harvest, and yet meetings on a week day were crowded and still as the burying ground.

The doctrines inculcated were substantially those of the great Edwards, and special caution was used to guard the subjects from false and delusive hopes. The work of God's Spirit was remarkably free from enthusiasm and confusion. There were no instances of very great distress or outcries, or enthusiastic rants of joy.

As the happy results of this outpouring of the Holy Spirit, the church was doubled in numbers. The Bible was more loved and studied. Family prayer revived; the religious instruction of children promoted; the sanctuary crowded, and the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel more studied and loved.

Jan. 3, 1802, the church and congregation with but one dissenting voice, signified by rising, their engagement to promote Home Missions. Timothy Rose was appointed delegate to a convention at Northampton to ratify a constitution for the Hampshire Missionary Society. This was for home missions.

Nor has there been less interest in the cause of *Foreign Missions*. In June 1815 the church gave their sanction to 'the monthly concert of prayer.' A Female Benevolent Society has been in operation for nearly forty years.

In 1812, my Bible Class, which has existed thirty-three years, was organized, and enrolled. Terms of admission, recital memoriter of the Assembly's shorter catechism and a perusal of the whole Bible in course. On admission, each one received a Bible with this inscription, '*Read the Scriptures daily.*'

A library was furnished comprising the writings of Edwards, Proudfit, Lathrop, Baxter,

Silliman, Rollin, and kindred authors. The readers enrolled their names on the blank leaves.

The Library, long since, was worn, and scattered and lost ; but the effects of the books upon the readers were more valuable than their weight in the purest gold.

In 1816, God was pleased to pour out his spirit, and as many as seventy were hopefully born again, and principally members of the Bible class.

The time had been when this church was but a remnant, and only a few aged persons, with their whitening locks, gathered around the sacramental Board, but now as the precious fruits of God's grace, we might see three generations, the aged pilgrim of ninety years, the middle aged, and children of eleven or twelve coming up with us to the Lord's supper.

On New Year's eve, 1823, the classical school convened to listen to an oration from one of their number by previous appointment. Unexpectedly to the pupils, the closing part of the address was so tenderly impressive that nearly all were in tears, and the inquiry was made with deep impression, *What shall I do to be saved ?*

The work spread into the village, and as many as thirty, in the judgment of charity, passed from death unto life. The orator of the evening became hopefully pious, and was preparing for the

ministry, when amidst brightening prospects, he sunk into an untimely grave.

The members of the Bible class, in remembrance of the home of their youth, contributed to the dressing of the pulpit, and purchasing the organ. And three of the number have recently sent to the church, communion furniture, with suitable engravings.

In 1828, the grand era of the *Temperance Reformation* commenced; the subject was presented from this pulpit, with unqualified plainness. Soon after, this church appointed a committee to devise means to promote temperance. As the cause was declining, the youth in a single district in 1831, united in a most efficient Temperance Society, holding stated meetings, and sustaining the noble cause by animated and convincing discussions. The Lord smiled upon these juvenile efforts, and poured out his holy spirit upon the Youth's Temperance Society, and as fruits of the revival, one has entered the ministry, and several are officers or pillars in the church.

Granville has raised up and sent forth into the great harvest field eighteen¹ accredited ministers

¹ Lemuel Haynes, Timothy M. Cooley, Silas Root, Gurdon Hall, Truman Baldwin, John Seward, Harvey Coe, Alvin Coe, Seth M. Leavenworth, Roger C. Hatch, Benson Baldwin, Charles S. Robinson, Joseph J. Foot, D. D. George Foot, Augustus Pomeroy, David B. Coe, John Territt, David L. Coe.

of the gospel. They have been working men. Several of them have sunk down and died in their master's service. As far as I know, not a blemish rests upon the moral or ministerial character of one of the number. Some of them have taken rank among the first in their profession, for great excellence and moral worth. We have also raised up for the healing art as many as twenty well educated physicians.¹ Some of them stand at the head of their profession; and all, as far as I know, are men of fair reputation, and fair standing. Six of the ministers and nine physicians, have closed their earthly labors.

We have dismissed six of our deacons and recommended them affectionately to the fellowship of other churches.

Many of our sons and daughters, the stay of their time worn fathers and mothers, the spirit of adventure has borne far away from us, and dispersed through the land.

Some of our lamented sons have sickened and died in the West and the South.² No kind mo-

¹ George W. Sanford, John A. Stiles, Samuel C. Parsons, Lyman N. Baldwin, Henry Pratt, Chauncey B. Fowler, Alfred Belden, Henry K. Spelman, Rufus Harvey, Esq., Rowland P. Cooley, Luther Pratt, Vincent Holcombe Esq., John B. Cooley, Zebina Smith, Jesse Smith, Samuel B. Barlow, Phineas R. Cooley, Luther Spelman, William Webster.

² Cooley Spelman, William Andrews, Timothy C. Tibbals, Phineas R. Cooley, Henry Hubbard, Eleazar Strong, Oliver C. Dickinson, Orion West, Nathaniel C. Marvin.

ther or father watched their dying pillow. No mourner visits their lonely graves.

‘ Lamented youth !

By foreign hands your dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands your decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands your humble graves adorned,
By strangers honored and by strangers mourned.’

May 29, 1805, a church of twenty-four members was organized, and deacons chosen according to gospel order, with reference to founding a colony in the centre of Ohio.

This was a great loss to us. We could spare our young ministers and young physicians, and even our deacons, and supply their places by others. But when the strength and beauty of the church and parish were demanded, the loss was irreparable. But as the hand of God was in it, we said to them: ‘ Go and we will pray for you.’

Early next autumn, amidst prayers and tears and heart breakings, they took leave, expecting that the next meeting would be in our father’s kingdom. Like Israel in the desert, no steamboat nor rail car aided their march. In forty-six days they reached their destined home, an unbroken wilderness, and several united in cutting down the first tree. They were 176 in number, 52 of whom were heads of families. Says Rev. Mr. Little, their present pastor, ‘ The emigrants ac-

cording to the commandment, *first* attended to the things of the *kingdom of God*. They *first* organized the church before they set out on their journey. The *first* business on their arrival was to hear a sermon. The preacher only waited for them to release the cattle from the wagons.

The *first* tree cut, on the town plat, was that by which public worship was held on the Sabbath. The first Sabbath, though the 16th of cold November, was honored by a forenoon and afternoon service, under the canopy of heaven. The *first* cabin built after their arrival was the meeting-house for several succeeding Sabbaths.' Thus they begun right.

This company left us at the time of our greatest prosperity as a church. We had just enjoyed a season of refreshment from the Lord, in which these beloved brethren shared abundantly. The emigrants had borne the heat and burden of the day, in raising the fund and building this meeting-house. They could carry neither the meeting-house nor the fund with them. They made request for the minister, but in this were denied. The Lord however, sent them a pastor 'after his own heart,' and blessed his labors.

This lovely daughter of ours, has outgrown the mother church. They number eight hundred and eighty admissions. Says the pastor, Rev.

Jacob Little : 'I ought perhaps to say, that my people have built mostly by their own means, two Academies, costing \$20,000, and have given as much as \$10,000 more within a few years, to other benevolent objects.'

The good name of this lovely daughter of ours has crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and her generous deeds have been celebrated in England and Scotland. What is infinitely more honorable, 'her prayers and her alms have gone up for a memorial before God' in heaven.

We rejoice in her well earned reputation. For my brethren and companions sake, I will say, 'peace be within thee !'

This town has not been passed by in respect to those heavenly visitations, styled revivals of religion. I have already made allusions to this subject.

In the past half century, the several congregational churches in Granville have been blessed with as many as twenty, what the great Stoddard called *harvest seasons*.

1st, in 1798-9, in East Granville, admissions 51.
2d, in 1803, in Middle Granville, under Rev. Mr. Baker, 42.

3d, in 1806, West Granville, Rev. Mr. Harrison, 36 ; Gurdon Hall was among the subjects.

4th, in 1810, East Granville, 15 ; a child twelve years old died in triumph.

5th, 1815, West Granville, Rev. Mr. Harrison, 34.

6th, 1816, Middle Granville ; a surprising work under Mr. Baker, 60 ; several entered the ministry.

7th, 1816-17, East Granville, especially in the Bible class, 61.

8th, 1823, East Granville, commenced on the evening of New Years day, in connexion with a Literary performance in the classical school, 24.

10th, 1824-5, Middle Granville, Mr. Baker, 12.

11th, 1826, East Granville, limited, 13.

12th, 1829-30, East Granville, 30.

13th, 1830-31, East Granville, 18.

14th, 1830-31, West Granville, Rev. Mr. Northrop, 30.

15th, 1835, East Granville, 27.

16th, 1837, Middle Granville, 34.

17th, 1841, Middle Granville, Rev. Mr. Foote. 19.

18th, 1843, East Granville, limited to the Bible class.

19th, 1844, West Granville, Rev. Mr. Sanderson, 12.

20th, 1844, East Granville, 12.

Our daughter church in Granville, Ohio, has been favored with ten revivals.

1st	occurred in 1808	under Rev. Timothy Harris,	40.
2d	-	- 1818	- - 21.
3d	-	- 1822	- - 53.
4th	-	- 1828	- - 84.
5th	-	- 1831	- - 116.
6th	-	- 1832	- - 24.
7th	-	- 1835	- - 28.
8th	-	- 1837	- - 82.
9th	-	- 1840	- - 28.
10th	-	- 1842	- - 44.

It gives me happiness to add that the Baptist church, in this place has been refreshed and enlarged by revivals of religion. And I may add, our Methodist brethren have been blessed with revivals.

It has been my happiness to have a personal knowledge of the several seasons of revivals, within the bounds of this town. Prayer, and the plain truths of God's word, have been the means which God has owned and blessed.

The four pulpits in this place, have presented with plainness, the doctrines of grace, keeping back nothing which is profitable.

In these twenty seasons of God's visitation, there has been neither the fire, nor the earthquake, nor the strong wind which rent the mountains, but '*the still small voice*' which caused Elijah to wrap his face in his mantle.

Seasons of revival have uniformly left our churches in a state of quietude and great harmony, and we cannot but regard them as 'years of the right hand of the Almighty.'

The number of members in this church, when I took the oversight of it, was fifty-nine.¹ Twenty-four males and thirty-five females. Admission by examination 333. The present number is 133; 41 males and 92 females.

The following are the names of those who have been deacons in this church.

Justus Rose, chosen Feb. 3, 1757, died 1781. Luke Hitchcock, Sept. 20, 1758, died 1775, at New Lebanon, returning from the army. Samuel Coe, Nov. 15, 1759. Ephraim Howe, 1791, died march 24, 1806. Isaac Bartlett, April 26, 1793, Dec. 26, 1817. William Cooley, April 18, 1793, April 14, 1825. Timothy Rose, Jan. 3, 1795; moved away. James Coe, Nov. 3, 1806, moved away, died Aug. 1845. Festus Spelman, July 1, 1807; moved away. died Oct. 14, 1818. Oliver Coe, May 18, 1815; moved away; died Jan. 16, 1840. Levi Cooley, April 31, 1819; moved away. William Seymour, Aug. 30, 1832. Leander Strickland, April 17, 1833. Gideon D. Seymour, moved away and deceased.

¹ By a rule in this church, members from other churches, as well as from the world, have been admitted by examination, till recently.

On this deeply interesting day, I must bring my thank-offering to the altar.

Truly God has shown me his goodness all my past days. If he has given me a cup of deep affliction, it has been mingled with kindness.

At the age of five years, when my revered father buried two of his children, in a single week, he noticed a burial place for a third, which he expected me soon to occupy. After hopeless weeks, God raised me up, and I have not been confined to my room a day for 68 years. But I must not glory in my health; it may fail in an hour. Visitations of sickness, deeply distressing, and long protracted, have been felt in my numerous family; and for six long years, our lamp was never extinguished through the night. Even when death has taken our dear ones in the bloom of their youth, or in the midst of brightening prosperity, we have been cheered with triumphant hopes that our loss was their unspeakable gain.

In review of my long ministry of half a century, I have reason for deep lamentation.

In every thing I have come short. I have been with you in weakness, in fear, and in much trembling. Through the goodness of God, I have been sustained here. 'I ne'er have changed nor wished to change my place.' I have met

you at every communion season, six times in a year, with the exception of four and a half months, when on a mission to the west, and three months on a pastoral visit to our brethren in Granville, Ohio.

With few exceptions, I have supplied this pulpit on the Sabbath. Five times, I have by previous appointment, performed a visitation of the entire parish, making a record of the name and age of each individual; conversing and praying with parents and children.

In addition to weekly and district meetings, for prayer and preaching, I have attended as many as 1400 Bible Class lessons, for the benefit of youth. In seasons of revival, meetings have been multiplied, as the exigency required.

Besides the supervision of common schools as town committee 48 years, and of the higher Institutions of learning the greatest part of that time; as many as eight hundred pupils have received instruction from my lips, preparatory for college, and for business, sixty of whom have entered the ministry.

Besides meetings of Association, and County Benevolent Societies, I have attended sixty ecclesiastical councils. I have solemnized two hundred and forty-four marriages, attended about

five hundred funerals and usually preached a sermon on the occasion.

In these diversified opportunities, to form the undying mind of my fellow beings, I ought to have done much. No work can be more affectingly responsible.

In view of my deficiencies I am filled with shame and blushing. In view of what God has wrought among us, especially in these ten revivals of religion, I must exclaim, 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory for thy mercy and thy truth's sake.'

The year of my ordination, the burial ground was not broken. So long an armistice with the king of terrors at any other time, has not been known here for ninety years.

In fifty years, six hundred, nearly three-fourths of the entire population of the parish, have been numbered with the dead.

In 1812, the spotted fever prevailed, which was fatal in nearly every instance.

Deaths that year, 26.

In 1813, putrid fever proved mortal to many in the meridian of life. Deaths, 23. The average number is 12 in a single year. One in twenty have reached the great age of 90 years.

In comparing the bills of mortality of Westfield, Monson, Salisbury, and Granville, I find the

following results : In Monson and Salisbury one in 67 died annually. In East Granville one in 73, in Westfield, which I always regarded as more sickly than her neighbors, only one in 80.

What changes have fifty years produced ! How many families have been broken up ! How many streets depopulated ! I now preach to a new congregation. I administer the Lord's Supper to a new church. It is four years since the last member, resident with us was dismissed to her rest.

The last message from her sainted lips, was a request, that the next weekly sermon might be at her house. The sermon was there, but it was her funeral sermon. Who of us has not a father, a mother, a husband, a wife, or a child among those 600 graves. Scarcely a house remains in my parish bounds, which I have not visited, when death was at the door, and from which I have not accompanied you in the funeral procession. I am witness how cheerfully, how triumphantly, many of the dear children of God have given up their spirits, and with what fearful forebodings many impenitent mortals have met their final summons.

In review. How much do we owe to our fathers. They cleared the fields which we cultivate. They reared the houses where we dwell.

(They fought the hard battles of the Independence.) When they established a fund, laid the foundation for a permanent ministry, without money and without price; and when they erected this goodly house, how often did the remark fall upon my ear, 'we are doing all this for our children.' They broke up the fallow ground, scattered the seed, that you might reap the harvest. They were men of plain manners, but noble purpose and generous hearts. I remember them when with silvery locks they sat before me here, from Sabbath to Sabbath. Venerable men! If the spirits of the pious dead ever revisit the places they loved on earth, (and who would repel so pleasing a thought) are they not now with us on a visit of love, viewing their sons and daughters with all the zeal of the 'rapt seraph that adores and burns.'

Do we owe much to our fathers? How much more to God! The same hand which placed the sun to enlighten the natural world, placed his church here, saying, 'ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the light of the world; out of its bosom have streamed those benefits which have blessed and beautified its population.' Whatever that is pure, and lovely, and of good report within our borders, whatever of intelligence and enterprise, which have given us so goodly a standing among

our neighbors, and formed the character of those who have gone abroad from us through the land, is to be ascribed to the enlightening, and the hallowing influence of the church and of the Christian religion. Banish from this place the church and the gospel, and the twenty revivals of religion, and this beautiful scenery would be overspread with a pall of darkness and atheism.

But I must hasten to a conclusion.

Having reviewed the past, let us pause a moment and look into the dark, unknown future. The past half century has been the most extraordinary portion of time, in some respects, since the crucifixion of Christ.

The half century to come, may be invested with even still greater interest.

Who will be actors, and what will be the scenes in the next half century? Who will survive to celebrate the next Jubilee? These everlasting hills and vales will remain. The brooks will continue to run. The sun, and stars, and moon, will pursue their courses unchanging and unchangeable. The fearful northern lights, the meteoric showers, and perhaps new signs and wonders will be presented to view; but we shall not be here. The pastors and the churches will have slept the long sleep. Nothing will remain but the tomb stones which record our names.

Oh ! may it be written upon them, ' these all died in the faith.'

' O glorious hour, O blest abode,
I shall be near and like my God !'

Sons and daughters of Granville, resident and emigrant, God is good in suffering us to meet here to day. Another such day we shall never behold.

My children, *I am glad to see you before I die.* To some of you I must say ' It is the last time.' You will hear my voice and ' see my face no more.' This ancient pulpit, mine for more than half a century, if indeed a tasteful generation should refrain from laying rude hands upon the ancient structure, will pass to other hands.

One word of counsel. Act worthy of your forefathers, worthy of your privileges. Be Christians ! real Christians !

Some of you, it is to be feared, are halting between two opinions ; undecided whom to serve ; crying a little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.

Listen, I beseech you to the voice of a friend and not a flatterer. Every thing is at stake. Eternity, with all its glorious and fearful retributions is suspended upon your present choice.

The Great God says to each of you, ' My son give me thy heart.' The blessed Redeemer speaks

with an inviting voice, 'come unto me and I will give you rest.' Neglect this, and all is lost. Listen to these reasonable admonitions, and when the last trumpet shall break up these sepulchres, when the earth and the sea shall give up the dead that are in them, you will come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon your heads.

ODE,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SETTLEMENT
OF REV. T. M. COOLEY,

BY MRS. L. H. SIGURNEY.

' Mid the fair vales that bore him,
The Patriarch and Friend,
Where still serenely o'er him
The summer branches bend.

He, long, salvation's story
With faithful zeal hath told,
And to the realms of glory,
Invited young and old.

Oh ! gather fondly round him,
Ye, bright in early bloom,
To fill their vacant places,
Who slumber in the tomb.

Ye, whose unbroken spirits,
No toils of time have tried,
Give honors to the hoary head,
And gather near his side.

While to the God of Heaven,
Your thankful prayers ascend,
Who thus doth to the children spare
Their sainted father's friend.

At the close of the morning exercises, it was announced by the President of the Day, that a Dinner was prepared, to which the whole assembly was respectfully invited.

The Marshals forthwith proceeded to organize this great gathering into a procession, and with the accompaniment of the Granville Band of Music, they were conducted to the tables in the following order.

President of the Day.

Committee of Arrangements.

Choir of Singers.

Clergy.

Emigrants and invited Guests.

Citizens.

The tents were erected on a beautiful lawn in the vicinity of the church, on the grounds of Mrs. Root, who kindly proffered the same for the occasion.

The tables were arranged, and spread, and *loaded*, by the united efforts of the ladies of East Granville, with their characteristic taste and munificence, and a joyous company of more than 2,000 persons partook of the repast.

AFTERNOON SERVICES.

At 4 o'clock the congregation re-assembled in the church and participated in the following exercises.

Sacred Music.

Prayer by REV. MR. ROBBINS.

Sacred Music.

Sermon by REV. MR. COE of New York.

Sacred Music.

THE elements being prepared by the officers of the church, for the commemoration of the Lord's Supper, a solemn and affecting address was made to a crowded assembly of communicants, on presentation of the bread by Rev. Mr. Hatch of Warwick, and he was assisted by Rev. Mr. Davis of Westfield, who made the following remarks at the administration of the cup.

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:

WE assembled in the morning to listen to an account of the labors of this Servant, and of the scenes through which he has passed. We are now gathered around this table, to commemorate the sufferings and death of the *Master*. The servant has toiled in the field of his labors, fifty years; but the Master whom we serve, the great High Priest, ever liveth; of his years there is no end.

Fifty years is a long time for a man to preach the gospel, especially in the same place. Only here and there one are indulged with this high privilege. The Pastor of this church, is the fifth clergyman that has ever done it in Hampden County.

Of the one hundred and twenty-three Pastors that have been ordained and installed as Pastors of churches in this county, Taylor of Westfield, and

Baldwin of Palmer, continued their pastoral charge fifty years. Williams, of Longmeadow, and Lathrop of West Springfield, continued in office sixty-six years; and now we add to this list, Cooley, of Granville.

But while the preaching of the gospel is committed to frail and dying men, the master we serve, the Saviour, whose death we now commemorate, liveth *forever*.

He maketh intercession for us continually, before the throne of God.

This cup is an emblem of that blood that was shed for us, and without which there is no remission of sin.

To this we are indebted for the hopes we cherish of escaping from hell, and of securing a place in heaven. We are here reminded that we are sinners, and entirely destitute of any personal righteousness.

Jesus Christ by his sufferings and death, hath atoned for sin. We receive him as our atoning Saviour, and with penitence of heart, and with a purpose to reform from sin, we rely upon him. By coming to this table and partaking of these elements, we reaffirm our faith in Christ, and renew our covenant engagements. Let it be seen that we are profited by these communion seasons; that we are more watchful and more earnest in our efforts to glorify God.

It is a solemn consideration, my friends, that we shall never more, together, 'drink of this fruit of the vine until that day' when we drink it new with Christ in our Father's kingdom.

At the close of the communion services, the exercises of the day, were concluded by singing Old Hundred by the Choir. The assembly was then called to order by the President.

Moved by Rev. Dr. Cooley, and seconded by Rev. Mr. Coe, and *Voted* unanimously, that this Jubilee be adjourned to the last Wednesday in August in the year of our Lord 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at this place. And the President thereupon declared the same adjourned accordingly.

JAMES COOLEY, *President*.

JOHN SEYMOUR, *Secretary*.



At a meeting of the first church of Christ in Granville, Mass. Nov. 2, 1845.

Moved by James Cooley : That whereas three of the sons of this church, viz. Rev. DAVID B. COX, Pastor of Allen Street church, New York. Mr. JESSE B. SPELMAN, and Mr. JOSEPH J. WEST, Merchants, New York City, have presented us a complete and elegant set of communion furniture, a resolution of thanks be adopted and entered upon our records, and that the same be published in the transactions of the Jubilee.

TIMOTHY M. COOLEY, *Pastor*.



GRANVILLE JUBILEE.

SECOND DAY.

Thursday, 28th August, 1845.

THE Emigrant visitors and young Ladies and Gentlemen of Granville, assembled on the green in front of the church at 2 o'clock, P. M., and moved under the escort of the Granville Band to the tent where the entertainment of the previous day was prepared.

The tables were again abundantly furnished by a few of the young gentlemen of East Granville, and a blessing having been implored by Rev. Mr. Coe, of New York, about three hundred partook of their bounties.

At the close of the refreshments and removal of the cloth, James Cooley, Esq., President of the Day, called for addresses and sentiments.

Rev. Doct. Cooley arose and addressed the assembly as follows :

CHILDREN :

Granville is a goodly and venerable mother. More than a hundred winters have passed over her head, and yet she has neither a grey hair nor a wrinkle. She has nourished up a numer-

ous family, and counts her children, not by units or tens, but by fifties, by hundreds and by thousands. No mother could be more affectionate, and few are more faithful and truly pious. She begins with her children in their tenderest childhood, by producing those salutary impressions which will tell upon their life for many long years to come, and even far beyond Time's narrow bounds. I can compare her to no one with fitter propriety, than to the time honored mother of John Randolph, of Roanoke. Said this shrewd and illustrious statesman, 'my mother when I was but a little boy, used to put me to bed at night, and taking my little hand into her own soft, warm hand, she would bid me say, *Our Father which art in heaven*. And it was this that saved me from being a French Atheist.'

Our good and kind mother teaches her children to pray. And she gives them a Bible, and says to them, 'turn over a leaf in the Bible every day.'

She teaches them to work as well as to pray. All her daughters are like Solomon's virtuous woman. 'She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.'

Mother Granville looks well to her sons as well as her daughters, and scorns to have an idler around her. They trudge to school and

from school, through storm and winds, and sleet and snow. They are sent to the farm house, the shop, or the counting room, to gather up every scrap of precious time in some handicraft for future use. She says to them, one and all,

‘Go to the shop, the plow, the hedge or ditch,
Some honest calling use, no matter which ;
Be postman, porter, ply the laboring oar.
Employment keeps the sheriff from the door.

She selects some of her sons for a liberal education for the bar, the pulpit and the healing art. Others, daughters as well as sons, she sends to the best institutions for learning the art of teaching, and sends forth her well qualified instructors for the common school, and the high school.

A goodly number of her sons she keeps at home, to take care of the old homestead, and see that it does not go to decay. But her dwelling is too strait for them all, and she scatters them through the land, wherever business or enterprise may invite them.

When they make their annual visitation, for they are all lovers of home, she welcomes them with joy and festivities ; and on such occasions, she is like Nephtali’s ‘hind let loose,’ *‘she giveth goodly words.’*

When the festive days are passed away, they all go back to their toils and cares with a light heart.

If the dreadful miasma of the West and the South tinges their fair and blushing faces with a sallow and sickly hue, she calls them home and with her infallible *cure-all mountain air* and *rock water*, lights up the glow of health, and manly vigor, and sends them back again to their far off homes.

If her children sicken and die, for who is there that shall not see death? she calls together her household to mourn and to weep for them. And if she has the cheering evidence that they died Christians, and all was well with the immortal part, she wipes away the falling tear, saying, 'It is all well! The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'

Sons and daughters of Granville, emigrant and resident: 'The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace.'

REV. WILLIAM CROWELL,

OF BOSTON, BEING CALLED UPON, OFFERED THE FOLLOWING ADDRESS.

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen of Granville :

MOST unexpectedly did I hear my name announced a few moments ago, as one who was to address you. I did not consider myself worthy of this distinction, for I have not the honor to be one of the children of the venerable mother, whose character and deeds have just been so graphically and so truly described by your excellent Pastor. Our parentage and birth-place you know, are among those circumstances of our lives, not left to our choice. Had I been allowed to select a place of my own nativity, I might have chosen Granville, and so have inherited the privilege and the honor which you now enjoy, of calling her my mother. But as I could not do that, I have done the next best thing, the best in my power ; I have made her my mother-in-law, and although I have never been adopted into her family, yet two of my children have the honor of calling her mother. So you perceive I have good reasons for feeling a deep interest in every thing which concerns the prosperity and the honor of Granville. She is all that your Pastor

has described her, the mother of a numerous, intelligent and useful family. Her children are found in every part of our land, in city and in country, filling and adorning all the walks of professional and private life. And although I did not arrive in season to hear the historical discourse delivered yesterday by one so long and so closely identified with her history, yet I am not ignorant of the noble eminence which Granville has long held among her sister towns, for the attention which she has given to the education of the young, and for the intelligence of her people. For this eminence you are in no small degree indebted to the labors and counsels of your venerable Pastor, whom I can never think of, nor mention but with high respect, for his long and faithful services, both as a Christian minister, and as a teacher of youth, under whose watchful care and vigorous instructions, so many of you have been trained up for happiness in this life, and to seek for enduring happiness beyond the grave.

Let me assure you, therefore, that you all have great cause to be thankful, that you have enjoyed the careful nursing, the faithful counsels, and the healthful training of this venerable mother. Your Pastor has told you that among her virtuous deeds, she has put her children early to bed.

This is no small compliment to her maternal faithfulness and wisdom. It is greatly to her praise that she has not left her children, like many in our large towns and cities to run about the streets in the evening. By this means she has given them the healthy, robust frames, the fine forms and blooming cheeks, which I see before me. They have inhaled her pure air, they have bounded up her steep hill sides, they have been nourished by her plain, wholesome fare, till they have become active and strong. She not only puts them early to bed, but teaches them to rise early in the morning. It was once given as a reason why the mountain boys grew so tall, that they had been so long accustomed to stretch themselves up to look over the hills to see whether the sun was about to rise! This may be the reason why so many of the young men here are head and shoulders above the puny race bred up in our cities. But for this early stretching, I myself, for I also was born and bred upon the mountains, might not have reached over five feet six, thus reducing my stature a full half foot, a diminution which I could ill afford to suffer.

You are all under great obligations to this mother, for the salutary habits which she has taught you, in short, for your entire physical, intellectual and moral education. And here let

me say, especially to the large number of youth present, that a mountain town like this, is the very best place the world affords, in which to receive your early education, in whatever department of the business of life you are afterwards to be placed. Habits of stirring diligence, energy and perseverance, are best acquired among the scenery and employments which surround us here. You may learn how to conquer sloth, to surmount difficulties, cultivate strength of purpose for the struggles of after life, to foster true independence of soul while wielding the hoe, the axe and the scythe.

Here in the country, are the right difficulties to stir the hearts of the young, and the very best incitements to overcome them.

The best foundation which can be laid for a good education, that which gives the surest guaranty of success in life, is the will to set about and accomplish a task ; the power to confine our unwilling selves to steady application, to energetic, self-denying labor. Here is the place to lay this foundation. If you are to be the architects of your own fortunes, this must be the corner stone.

If you commence here to act the diligent, the manly, the virtuous, the generous and noble part, you have the best preparation for an honorable

part in any other sphere in which you may be called to move.

Here, surrounded by this beautiful, grand, and ever varying mountain scenery, is the best place to educate the mind. The mind never was, nor ever can be developed and fashioned by books and teachers only. These have an important part, but one far more so is to be performed by companions, by scenery and circumstances. The laboratory of the chemist may unfold to you some of the mysteries of science, but here we are in the wonderful laboratory of nature herself. Here her most curious operations are continually going on, full of the choicest instruction. Here, before your eyes, the tree yearly puts forth its leaves, its blossoms and its fruits. You see these curious changes as they occur. Perhaps you have not valued this privilege as you will, if in future years it shall be your lot to be shut up among the rattling pavements, the brick sidewalks, the high walls, and tiled roofs of a city. We are in danger of forgetting how large a part of our most valuable knowledge was acquired by early watching the operations of nature. Why, children confined entirely to a city would scarcely know whether cucumbers are made by machinery, or eggs and sausages grew on trees, unless the matter were explained to them ! Both come from the

market, but whether they grew by a process of nature, or formed by the contrivances of human art, they of their own observation, could not know. In fact, the process of nature cannot be explained to those who have never witnessed them. They must be seen, investigated and long watched, to be understood. You will pardon my homely illustration, which after all is scarcely an extreme supposition, if it serves to place this point in a clearer light.

The operations of nature in the successive changes attendant on the seasons, in the laws which regulate the production and decay of animal and vegetable life, form that basis for the successful development of the intellectual powers which nothing else can supply. No person is thoroughly educated, in the best sense of that term, who has not spent much time in the country, and watched with an inquiring mind the wonderful operations of God, who is there in a special sense our Teacher, whose works are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

That this, yea that far more than this is true, is manifest, not only from the construction of the natural world, and the adaptation of our minds to receive pleasure and instruction from its study, but the structure of the Bible attests the impor-

tance of this truth. The Bible we call the word of God, because the very words in which it is written were chosen by God himself, who inspired the sacred penmen to record them just as they are, for our instruction. The style thereof, and the imagery, the figurative language, the pictures of scenery, are all such as are best adapted to please, to strengthen, to instruct the universal mind of man. They were all selected by Him who created the mind, and who perfectly understands its powers. But how full is the Bible of illustrations, figures of speech, and parables, drawn from the scenery and occupations of the country! The lofty mountain crowned with majestic cedars, the rich valley waving with corn, the green pastures, the ever flowing river, the trees, the flowers, the habits of the gentle sheep, contrasted with the wild goat bounding over its chosen crags, the wild ass snuffing up the wind at his pleasure, and the patient ox, bowing his neck to the yoke. These, with similar objects and scenes peculiar to the country, form no small part of the matter for illustration with which the scriptures so much abound. Thus the works of God are made to illustrate His word, that man may know it is the highest dignity and happiness of his nature to study them together. If we would fully understand and feel the force

and beauty of those illustrations, we must be well acquainted with the scenery of the country.

Let me urge you, then, to prize highly the place of your birth. Let me remind the youth of Granville that they have a great work to do, to carry on what their sires have so nobly begun. Much has already been done here in the cause of education, but you can do, you *ought to do*, much more. You ought to have the best schools, which shall send forth the best minds to bless the world.

May you never tarnish the bright fame of your fathers, now so conspicuously reflected back from that flourishing and famous town in the West, which derived its foundation, its institutions, and its name from this. It was but yesterday I heard a Professor of the College in Granville, Ohio, an entire stranger of this place, expressing his deep regret, that he could not find time to make a pilgrimage hither, to pay his respects to this town, as the honored mother of that honored daughter. Your fathers had an honorable name to gain, and they have won it well. You have that name to keep. Let it not fail to go down with increasing lustre, to the latest posterity. Prize highly your native hills, because God has made them a highly favored place for training up men for the realities of life, and the pure bliss of Heaven.

ADDRESS OF REV. DAVID B. COE,

PASTOR OF ALLEN STREET CHURCH, NEW YORK.

THE festivities of the occasion which has called us together are now drawing to a close. It has been an occasion, as we shall all testify, of peculiar and delightful interest. We who have been wanderers from our native spot, have revisited the scenes of our early days, greeted those who survive of our early friends, and walked amid the graves, and read the memorials there, of those who have finished their earthly course.

We have listened to the record of God's merciful dealings with our venerable, spiritual Father, and the people for whom he has so long labored in the ministry.

We are now about to separate to our different and distant homes, and our next meeting will be on the final day, and around the throne of Judgment.

But to recount the mercies of God to us, and to the people of our native town, and revive the friendships of our youth amid these familiar scenes, are not the ultimate ends of our assembling.

We must not fail to inquire as we close these

exercises, what are the impressions which it becomes us to carry away from this place, and this occasion. And I am sure that none of us can resist the conviction, which all that we have seen, and heard, and felt, has been fitted to produce ; that upon us rests peculiar obligations.

We are all under high obligations *to the place which gave us birth*. We have been told that this mother of ours has won an excellent reputation ; that she has brought forth, and nurtured many distinguished sons, and virtuous and useful daughters ; that they are to be found in all parts of our country, and engaged in all departments of useful and honorable enterprise.

This reputation of our mother Granville, is, to some extent in our keeping, and we are responsible for its preservation. We are the representatives of our native town, in all those communities where we are known ; and let us see to it, that her fair fame is not tarnished in our hands. Let it not be to their disgrace when we boast of our pious puritan ancestry, and of our nurture in the wholesome, moral atmosphere, and bracing air of these granite hills. Let us show the effect of such a paternity, and such a culture by our steadfast adhesion to the pure principles which our fathers taught us, and by our earnest devotion to the cause for which they suffered so many

hardships and perils. Then our mother will not blush to own us as her offspring; and when our children and children's children shall assemble on this spot, in 1895, they will rejoice, as we do now, in the good character of their native town, and in the heritage of a spotless example, bequeathed to them by their fathers.

We are reminded, by the present occasion, of our great indebtedness *to our former Pastor*.

In the multitude of emotions excited by this festival, a prominent one, I am sure, has been that of gratitude to him who was the spiritual guide of our childhood and youth. For we must be sensible that to him, under God, we owe in no small measure, whatever of temporal and spiritual prosperity this community has enjoyed, and whatever of good, we as individuals have been enabled to accomplish in the world. Yet none of us, probably, are fully aware of the extent of this indebtedness.

We should remember that nearly all of us heard from his lips, those words of truth and life which have been the power of God to our salvation; and if we shall ever be admitted to the mansions of the redeemed above, we shall be stars in his crown of rejoicing. Many of us moreover, are of that eight hundred, whose

minds were early trained in his study, and under his tuition.

Others still received our first impulse in the pursuit of knowledge, from the perusal of that precious library which he founded and sustained for so many years. I may testify for one, at least. I shall ever attribute to that source, my earliest thirst for intellectual pursuits; and whatever of happiness to myself and of good to others, has resulted from them, may I, may we all never cease to remember with deep gratitude these beneficent labors of our venerable Pastor.

And what is the requital that we owe him? Not our silver and our gold, not our grateful encomiums, even. His language on this subject has ever been, and doubtless still is, 'I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.' This joy we can afford him. We ought to do it. It is base ingratitude not to do it. Let us afford him the happiness always to hear, that wherever we go, in whatever sphere of life we may be placed, we are governing our lives by the pure precepts which he has taught us, and are diligently serving our generation and our God.

Thus will the evening of his days be cheered by the reflection, that in his many spiritual children he is leaving behind him the savor of a holy

influence, which shall linger and be diffused in blessings upon many when he shall rest from his labors. If we would not bring down the grey hairs of our spiritual father with sorrow to the grave; but in some degree repay the debt we owe him, let us present ourselves as the worthy fruits of his spiritual husbandry in this vineyard of the Lord.

But we are reminded to-day, of obligations higher than those which we owe to our pastor or to our native place. To whom do we owe it that we breathed the pure air of these New England hills, and not the *malaria* of a torrid clime? To whom do we owe it, that the school house, the library, the sanctuary, and not the bloody forms of pagan worship, were the resorts of our childhood? To whom do we owe it, that our spiritual guide was the true messenger of God, pointing us to the narrow path of life, and not the priest of some blinding and fatal superstition? In short, to whom do we owe it, that we had our birth and training on one of the fairest and brightest spots of creation, and not amid the darkness and gloom that brood over so much of our earth?

We owe it to the sovereign pleasure of our heavenly Father, the giver of all those peculiar blessings in which we this day rejoice. They

all therefore call upon us to render to the author of them the tribute of grateful hearts and holy lives. To that call let us give earnest heed. If we fail to heed it, we fail of the principal lesson, and lose the chief benefit of this occasion. For this is the lesson that has been enforced upon our attention, by all that we have seen, and heard, and enjoyed, since we came together. It is the language of every thing that has reminded us of our high and peculiar privileges. It comes to us from the mansion where we were born, from the green fields where we played in childhood, from the school house where we used to study, from the familiar tones of yonder bell, that used to call us to the house of God, from the graves where our pious fathers sleep. Nay, all the familiar objects which surround us, endeared by so many associations, and reminding us of our goodly heritage, call upon us to render our lives a thank-offering to God. Here then, under the hallowed influence of these scenes, I exhort every son and daughter of Granville, to respond to these claims by new vows of devotion to his cause, and the welfare of our fellow men. Thus shall we realize the appropriate effects of this occasion, and be enabled to cherish the remembrance of it with pleasure, through our whole lives.

As we are now on the eve of separation, I cannot but express, in behalf of the returned emigrants, our grateful acknowledgments to our friends, the citizens of Granville, for the appointment of this festival, and for their kind attentions and hospitalities while we have been with them. We separate to-day, like drops issuing from the same cloud, to pursue their separate journeys to the earth. Be it our office, like theirs, to spread verdure and gladness around us, while we stay on earth; and having fulfilled our mission like them, may we all rise to be re-united in our common home in the skies.

SENTIMENTS.

By a VISITOR.

Old Granville ! yes, I love thee still,
Thou art my native home,
Thy joy so pure can ne'er be found
Where'er I rest or roam.

Though pleasure's path and fortune's smiles
In other climes seem fair,
The brightest of their hopes and joys,
Can nought with thee compare.

By JOSEPH J. WEST, of New York.

My friends, and brother emigrants : allow me
to propose,

The memory and prosperity of East Granville,
our early home ; its venerable and beloved pastor,
our youthful and constant friend ; and its very
worthy and esteemed President of this Jubilee,
who has been constant and untiring in his efforts
to aid and instruct the youth of this our native
town, from the time of our early remembrance
to the present hour.

By OLIVER C. DICKINSON, of Randolph, Ohio.

Mr. President : I give as a sentiment—Mother

Granville; your mother, my mother; I congratulate her in that great good she secured to her family in taking that Elder Son to be the spiritual steward of her house.

And here, Mr. President, I tender my thanks for that invitation which was extended to me, to return, after an absence of forty years from the maternal domain, to participate in this festival, this jubilee, marking the periodical time in which this son and steward has so long, so faithfully, and so acceptably performed the duties of his important station.

With ready hearts we respond to your call. We come; we are joyful on this occasion. We are satisfied, because we love our mother; (we love her in her children) because we love to gaze on her hearth-stones, and think of all their associations; because there is music in the old Sabbath bell; because we are pleased to raise our eyes to the same old sanctuary, where we were wont to meet, in years gone by; because there the same servant of God still speaks the same truths, from the same gospel of Christ, which we were wont to hear in our boyhood; because your arms are wide open to welcome us.

Mr. President, our mother has sent forth many sons and daughters through the length and breadth of the land, and by the training of that Elder

Son, a large portion of these have gone out to be blessings in our country. I hope our good mother will scrutinize the moral character of her emigrating children, and not give them a diploma until developments of the right kind are distinctly made. The great Western Valley is a dangerous place for the young to form character. I speak what I know, for certain it is she let me 'slope off' before the right principle was implanted, or, perhaps I should say, before it germinated; and if I escaped the ruin to which I was exposed, the '*smell of fire is upon me.*'

My young brothers and sisters who yet gather around the parental hearth, a word to you.

When you have finished your moral education, I invite you to come to the great West and *do good*; but do not come until you have *character* and *decision*; and may your patriarchal, spiritual guide live to train many more for usefulness here and glory hereafter, and be made happy in the prospect that an ever-increasing influence for good will go forth from him, an influence which shall not be stayed when he shall be gathered to his fathers.

By TIMOTHY C. COOLEY, of Indiana.

'The glorious hills of old Granville: as lofty as our aspirations; steadfast as our affections.

By P. L. BUELL.

The emigrants from Granville, who attend the Jubilee : by their presence with us on this occasion, they have manifested strong attachment for the place of their nativity, their relatives and friends, and for him whom many of them own as their *spiritual* father.

By JOHN SEYMOUR.

Our beloved Pastor : as he has long been spared to us, and we trust has been the means of doing much good, may his last days be bright and peaceful as the rays of the setting sun which are now falling upon us.

By GEORGE W. ROSE.

Our Pastor, like the sun, is setting ; he will rise again in glory.

By ELIJAH C. SPELMAN.

Our Fathers : the glory of the half century, though absent from this body are not forgotten, May we, if like them, not be forgotten in 1895.

By JONATHAN B. BANCROFT.

Our Pastor, the favorite son of mother Granville, our elder brother whom we love. Although his sun has past its meridian, long may it shine to guide us in the paths of virtue and

truth, and to greet the returning emigrant with his cordial welcome and friendly smile so peculiar to himself. And when it must set, may it not go down behind the darkened west, but like the day star, before the rising sun, melt away into the light of Heaven.

By RUFUS H. BARLOW.

The emigrants from this place, and their descendants; may they continue to be an honor to their mother Granville.

By ANDREW HUBBARD, of Springfield.

Mr. President : I am proud of being a son of so large and noble a family as has been exhibited at this Jubilee Festival, and I have taken great pleasure in participating in its joys. And on looking around, I notice what is characteristic on the hills of old Granville, *our time honored mother*; a very distinctive appearance of health marked on the countenance. And I will therefore give you the following sentiment.

The rosy cheeks of the fair daughters of this venerable mother : May they ever blossom.

By ARDON SEYMOUR.

The people of East Granville; as they have long enjoyed the labors of their Pastor, may he share largely in their sympathies and affections, now when he is old and grey headed.

By HORATIO N. CASE, of Granby, Conn.

The early settlers of Granville; they need no monument to perpetuate their fame, for their names are engraved on the hearts of their descendants, and they will never forget to drop a tear to their memory.

By E. WRIGHT.

The sons and daughters of Granville; we congratulate them on the occasion of this Jubilee, and whether they go abroad or remain at home to cultivate and beautify the old homestead, may they be ever fanned by the breezes of liberty, respected and loved for all the virtues and graces that adorn the Christian character.

By JOHN BARLOW, of Alabama.

Our Mothers; they forgot not us, may we never forget them.

By ROGER S. MOORE, of Southwick.

The late Hon. ISAAC CHAPMAN BATES; one of Granville's most distinguished sons. Honest in every *trust*, indefatigable in every *duty*.

By VINCENT HOLCOMBE, Esq.

Old Granville; may her sons and daughters, now scattered through every state and territory

of this wide spread republic, remember, that it was among the rocks and rivulets of these cloud cap'd hills, that they received their first lesson in industry, morality, virtue and religion. May they teach them to their children, and may their children's children acknowledge it with gratitude at the approaching Jubilee in 1895.

By a GUEST.

Moral knowledge ; the balance wheel of our comforts here, and our hopes hereafter.

By WILLIAM F. ENO, of Springfield.

'The fair ladies of Granville, the fairest of the fair ; may their fare be our fare, and our fare the best of fare.

By FESTUS S. BARLOW, of Southwick.

'The sons of Granville ; may we ever cultivate sentiments as pure and benevolent as those of her fair daughters.

By JESSE B. SPELMAN, of New York.

The Ladies of Granville ; like their ancestor mothers, pure in principle, kind hearted, benevolent, and worthy to be called, '*Mothers in Israel.*'

By EBENEZER ROBERTS, of Hartford.

Granville ; as her adopted son, I venerate her.

By BENJAMIN ADAMS.

May the memory of this Jubilee be perpetual.

By JAMES COOLEY.

The Emigrants from Granville ; a noble progeny, worthy of their ancestry, and worthy of their country ; a blessing upon those that are present, a kind remembrance of those that are absent.

By EDWIN A. COOLEY, of Attica, N. Y.

Old Granville ; ' Remember thee ? Ay, while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe.'

By SAMUEL M. COOLEY, of New Orleans.

Our *goodly mothers* ; they have rocked our cradles, and we will rock theirs.

●

By BENJAMIN ADAMS.

Mr. President: I consider this an important era in the history of this, my native town; a season of great interest to me, and to us all.

Although I have been somewhat a wanderer from the fold of this mother, I trust I have not wholly disregarded her counsels, nor forgotten her precepts; and I return with renewed affection to the home of my childhood, and the household of my friends.

It is with no ordinary emotion of satisfaction and happiness, that I meet this great concourse of kindred and friends on this occasion. And to cherish in our hearts a permanent remembrance of the scenes of this interesting day, I move a resolution that a Monument of Marble be erected on, or near this spot, with suitable inscriptions, in commemoration of this half century Festival.

Voted unanimously, that the above resolution be adopted.

HYMN.

~~~~~  
SUNG BY THE ASSEMBLY.  
~~~~~

Our Country ! ' tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee we sing ;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain's side,
Let greetings ring.

Our native Country ! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name we cheer ;
We love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and rugged hills ;
Our heart with rapture thrills
While we are here.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
The festive sound ;
This is our Jubilee,
Our friends once more we see,
Joy smiles around.

CLOSING OF THE JUBILEE.

THE day was now spent, and the sun hiding his rich, mellow beams beyond the mountains of the west, admonished this gladsome group of heart-felt friends and kindred, that the last hour of social greetings had elapsed, and the time of parting had arrived. The sighs of separation now mingled with the joys of meeting. Now came the closing scene of the drama, the strong heart beatings, the lingering look, the parting hand, the last salutations of love; and the advancing twilight shrouded the emotions of the parting farewell.


FAREWELL.

‘ And now as soon we sever,
Each to his weary way,
From memory’s tablet, never,
Shall pass this joyful day.

And may the lesson taught us
In days and hours gone by,
By faithful hearts deep cherished,
Lead to a home on high.’

By RUFUS H. BARLOW.

Mr. President : As the festivities of the occasion are now closed, I move that this Jubilee be adjourned to the last Thursday of August, 1895, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at this place.

Voted unanimously.

JAMES COOLEY, *President.*

GEORGE W. ROSE, *Secretary.*

THE END.



A P P E N D I X .



EXTRACT FROM THE SPRINGFIELD GAZETTE.

BY WILLIAM STOWE.

THE GRANVILLE JUBILEE.

‘ WEDNESDAY last, August 27th, was celebrated by the sons and daughters of Granville, as a day of Jubilee, commemorative of the fiftieth year of the labors of Rev. Timothy Mather Cooley, D. D., as pastor of the Congregational Church in East Granville. The concourse of people on the occasion was very great, filling the village church to overflowing. Among them were not a few who had gone out in times past, to various and distant parts of the Union, who had now returned to render their tribute of filial reverence and gratitude to the beloved pastor of their youth, and to interchange familiar greetings once more with the friends and neighbors of earlier days, around the patriarchal hearth stone.

The exercises at the church, commenced at 10 o'clock, and were introduced by Invocation, and reading the 90th Psalm, by Rev. Roger Harrison of Tolland, who in conclusion, addressed a few remarks to the congregation and to Doct. Cooley.

The exercises of the morning closed about one o'clock, when the multitude repaired to a neighboring lot, where tables were spread with an abundance of refreshments.

In the afternoon the church was again crowded, and an interesting sermon was preached by Rev. David Benton Coe, a son of Granville, and pastor of Allen Street Presbyterian Church in New York. The Lord's Supper was then administered by Rev. Mr. Davis of Westfield, and Rev. Mr. Hatch of Warwick. A beautiful set of two silver tankards and eight goblets for the communion services, presented to the church by three sons of Granville, (David B. Coe, Jesse B. Spelman, and Joseph J. West,) was upon the table, and the gift was acknowledged in appropriate terms by the venerable pastor.

On Thursday, many of the sons and daughters remaining, a pic-nic party of some three or four hundred persons assembled in the field which they had occupied the previous day, and spent several hours in happy social intercourse.

Every thing passed off in the most happy manner, and the recollection of the Granville Jubilee, will be hallowed in the memory of her sons for many years to come.

Great praise is due to the Committee of Arrangements, for their successful exertions, and although it was found impossible to provide seats in the church, which will hold at most but twelve or fifteen hundred, for all who were present, no one was disposed to complain because the committee had not performed impossibilities in the amplitude of their arrangements.

[From the New York Observer.]

THE GRANVILLE JUBILEE.

NEVER since the creation, probably, have the hills of Granville, Mass., witnessed so lively a scene, as on the morning of August 27, 1845.

It was the day appointed for the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Installation of Rev. T. M. Cooley, D. D., as pastor of the church and society in that place. He was born, bred, and for fifty years has labored with great acceptance and success in this parish, and still performs without assistance his arduous pastoral duties. A half century having elapsed since his ordination.

A circular was issued, inviting all the emigrants from Granville, to return and celebrate this anniversary with appropriate festivities.

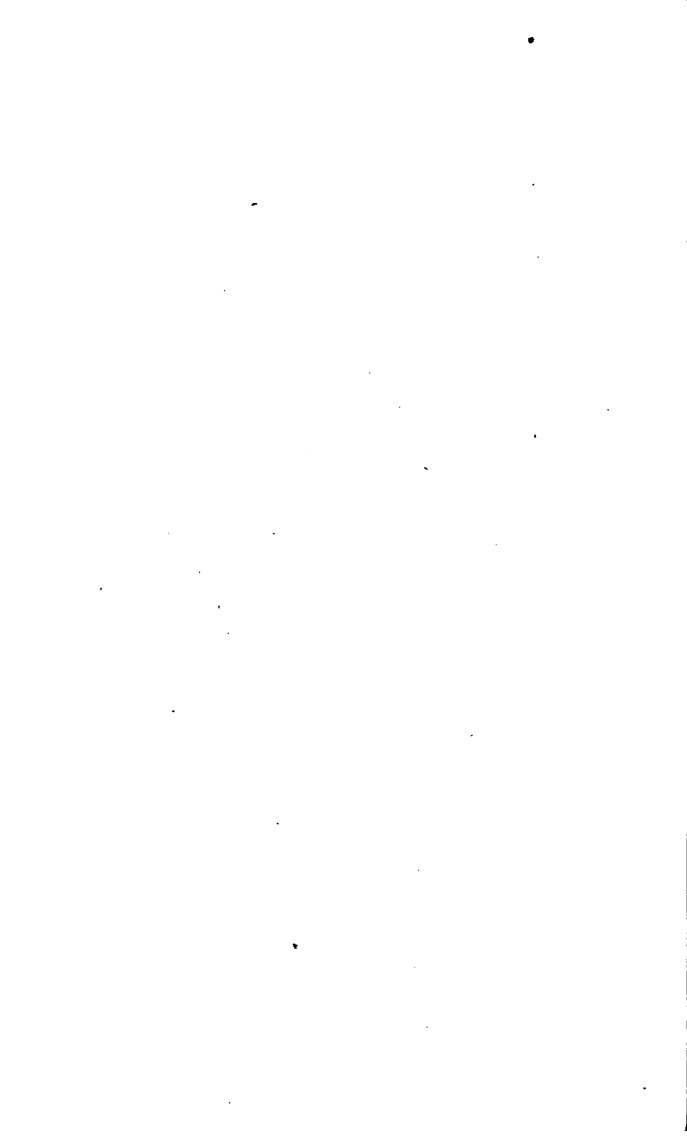
At an early hour, almost the entire population of the place, with multitudes from the neighboring towns assembled at the Congregational Church.

The house was densely crowded in every part, and hundreds gathered around the windows, determined to be *ear* witnesses, at least, of the novel exercises.

The morning exercises were closed with prayer by Rev. Mr. Hinsdale, of Blandford. The assembly then formed a procession, and repaired to an adjoining field, where a bountiful entertainment had been provided by the citizens. The designed informality of the exercises rendered it doubly refreshing. It afforded an opportunity to those who had been separated in childhood, to meet and revive amid those familiar scenes, the recollection of their early friendships. Of the 800 whom the venerable pastor had instructed in his study, many had returned after many years of absence, to greet once more their beloved instructor and spiritual father. Several who went forth forty years ago, to plant a church and colony in the wilderness of Ohio, were first revisiting the home of their childhood. Very few of the generation whom they left behind them, now survived. It was

affecting to see these grey headed men, who as they looked in vain in each other's time worn faces, for the features which were so familiar in childhood, such a conflict of sad and joyful emotions are rarely excited by a single occasion.

On the following day the citizens and emigrants assembled by invitation, and partook of a collation on the shaded lawn where the entertainment of the previous day was prepared. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Doct. Cooley, Rev. Mr. Crowell, and Rev. Mr. Coe, of New York. Sentiments were offered expressive of veneration for the fathers and mothers of Granville; of affection for the venerable Pastor, and of gratitude to the citizens, whose kind hospitality had contributed so much to the interest of the occasion.



NAMES OF THE NATIVE EMIGRANTS FROM
EAST GRANVILLE, NOW LIVING.



David B. Coe, *New York*.
George N. Bates, *Granville, N. Y.*
Samuel M. Cooley, *New Orleans, La.*
Sherman Bacon, *St. Louis, Mo.*
Oliver C. Dickinson, *Randolph, Ohio*.
Benjamin F. Bancroft, *Granville, N. Y.*
Timothy C. Cooley, *Metamora, Ia.*
Edwin Foote, *Granville, N. Y.*
Julia A. Foote, “ “
Enoch Drake, *Freedom, Ohio*.
Isaac A. Cooley, *Belleville, N. J.*
Roger S. Moore, *Southwick, Mass.*
Sarah A. Moore, “ “
Silas Winchell, *Granville, Ohio*.
Martin Buell, *Washington, D. C.*
Walter Dickinson, *Randolph, Ohio*.
William B. Cooley, *Pittsfield, Mass.*
Mary S. Cooley, “ “
Junius H. Hatch, *Detroit, Mich.*
Ebenezer Roberts, *Hartford, Conn.*
Sarah E. Roberts, “ “
Joseph J. West, *New York*.
John Barlow, *Alabama*.
Caroline Bates, *Rochester, N. Y.*
Stephen N. Wright, *Mishawaka, Ia.*

- Almira Wright, *Mishawaka, Ia.*
Richard Griffing, *Wisconsin.*
Juliett Griffing, "
Edwin A. Cooley, *Attica, N. Y.*
Timothy S. Gibbons, *Westchester, N. Y.*
Anson R. Taylor, *Westmoreland, N. Y.*
Henry Bacon, *St. Louis, Mo.*
Patrick H. Boise, *Providence, R. I.*
Watson Cooley, *Illinois.*
Mary B. Snyder, "
Cynthia Parsons, *Detroit, Mich.*
Edmund M. King, *Tariffville, Conn.*
Ralsamon L. Spelman, *Albany.*
John A. Skiff, *Windham, Ohio.*
Eliza Skiff, " "
Clarilla Spelman, *Pittsfield, Mass.*
Francis H. Cooley, *Illinois.*
Moore, *Freedom, Ohio.*
Sybil Moore, " "
Frederick L. Cooley, *Jacksonville, Ill.*
Warren Gillett, *Pennsylvania.*
William Chickley, Jr. *Southwick.*
Horace K. Cooley.
Mary Ward, *Charlestown.*
Mary A. Dean, *Brownhelm, Ohio.*
Lucy Mead, *Elkhart, Ind.*
William C. Thrall, *Mishawaka, Ind.*
Cotton M. Thrall, *Eden, Ohio.*
Susan E. Seymour, *Springfield, Mass.*
George Cooley, *Attica, N. Y.*
Elizur Marvin, *Fairport, Ohio.*
Susan Goodrich, *Brownhelm, Ohio.*
Timothy L. Thrall, *Granville, Ohio.*

Curtiss Howe, *Granville, Ohio.*
 Sophia E. Seymour, *Springfield, Mass.*
 Laura Parsons, " "
 Jane Drake, *Westfield, Mass.*
 Edwin Harvey, *Providence, R. I.*
 Jeremiah Munson, *New Orleans, La.*
 Jerusha Munson, *Cleveland, Ohio.*
 Edwin Wright, *Granville, Ohio.*
 Cotton M. Thrall, *Berkshire, Ohio.*
 Alexander Thrall, " "
 Curtiss Howe, *Granville, Ohio.*
 Helen Rose, *Alexander, Ohio.*
 Jonathan Whitney, *Montville, Ohio.*
 Seth Whitney, " "
 Vicks Whitney, " "
 Francis Tinker, *Columbus, Ohio.*
 Samuel M. Rose, *Burlington, Ohio.*
 Spencer Spelman, *Newark, Ohio.*
 Thomas Spelman, *Alexander, Ohio.*
 Sylvester Spelman, *Granville, Ohio.*
 William Bancroft, " "
 Solon Spelman, *Westfield, Mass.*
 Oscar Spelman, *Springfield, Mass.*
 Charles Bancroft, " "
 Julietta Cooley, *Attica, N. Y.*
 Buell Spelman, *Akron, Ohio.*
 Jane Porter, *New Orleans, La.*
 Ohel Spelman, *Akron, Ohio.*
 George W. Sanford, *Tariffville, Ct.*
 Randolph Sizer, *Ottowa.*
 Miranda Sizer, "
 Laura Goodwin, *Collinsville, Conn.*
 Richard Cornwell, *Hartford, Conn.*

Calista A. Cornwell, *Hartford, Conn.*
 Luman Cooley, *Philadelphia.*
 Jerome B. Granger, *Southwick, Mass.*
 James Ingraham, *Hartford, Conn.*
 Clarissa R. Ingraham, " "
 Enoch S. Bancroft, *Westfield, Mass.*
 Horatio Wells, *In. Prairie, Iowa.*
 Ely Strong, *Springfield, Mass.*
 Ardon A. Seymour, *Tariffville, Conn.*
 Harvey Seymour, " "
 Augustus Collins, *Granby, Conn.*
 Silas Rose, *Springfield, Mass.*
 John P. Parsons, *Rochester, N. Y.*
 Andrew J. Marvin, *Southwick, Mass.*
 Marytta Parsons, *Hartford, Conn.*
 Marshfield Parsons, *Rochester, N. Y.*
 William Tinker, *Buenos Ayres, S. A.*
 Levi Bancroft, *Westfield, Mass.*
 Joseph Parsons, *Rochester, N. Y.*
 William N. Marvin, *Rockville, Ill.*
 Walter Rose, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
 William Jewell, *Rochester, N. Y.*
 Emily Jewell, " "
 Samuel Gould, " "
 Caroline Gould, " "
 Gideon D. Seymour, *Randolph, Ohio.*
 Chauncey Rose, *Suffield, Conn.*
 Augustus Ward, *Farmington, Conn.*
 Augustus Williams, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
 Absalom Williams, *New York.*
 Loring Lane, *Hartford, Ct.*
 Harvey B. Spelman, *Akron, Ohio.*
 Asa N. Seymour, " "

William Wells, *Philadelphia*.
 Caroline Tibbals, *Newark, N. J.*
 James R. Hodge, *Suffield, Conn.*
 William Ward, *Westville, Conn.*
 Hosea Cooley, *Granville, Ohio*.
 Frederic Curtiss, *New York*.
 John B. Cooley, *Burlington, Ohio*.
 William H. Cooley, " "
 Samuel Barlow, *Rochester, N. Y.*
 Otis H. Cooley, *Springfield, Mass.*
 Otis Hubbard, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*
 Grove Cooley, *Attica, N. Y.*
 Jacob S. Root, *Granby, Ct.*
 Bela Collins, *Fond du lac, Wis.*
 Lambert V. Elliot, *Penn Yan, N. Y.*
 Sarah S. Elliot, " "
 Cotton M. Cooley, *Windsor, Conn.*
 William F. Eno, *Springfield, Mass.*
 John L. Holmes, " "
 Clarissa Bancroft, *Hartford, Conn.*
 Rosamund Harvey, *Tallahassee, Flor.*
 Cephas Strickland, *Atica, N. Y.*
 Horace Ames, *Amherst, Mass.*
 William H. Ames, " "
 Hubbard Bartlett, *Lee, Mass.*
 Sophia Bartlett, " "
 Samuel Bancroft, *Granville, Ohio*.
 Tirzah Chandler, *Westfield, Mass.*
 William Crowell, *Boston, Mass.*
 Nancy Crowell, " "
 Matthew L. Coe, *Randolph, Ohio*.
 William Jones, *Boston, Mass.*
 Sophia Jones, " "

- Levi Rose, *Granville, Ohio.*
 William J. Tibbals, *Hartford, Ohio.*
 J. W. Graham, *Canton, Ct.*
 Pamela Graham, " "
 Elijah Bates, *Westfield, Mass.*
 Heaton Granger, *Southwick, Mass.*
 Amanda Granger, " "
 Lincoln Tibbals, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*
 Orsamus L. Drake, *Freedom, Ohio.*
 Gerard Bancroft, *Granville, Ohio.*
 Festus S. Barlow, *Southwick, Mass.*
 Jesse B. Spelman, *New York.*
 Eliza C. Spelman, " "
 Francis Boise, *Westfield, Mass.*
 Ellen Barr, " "
 William Ward, *New Haven, Conn.*
 Henry B. Gibbons, *Flushing, N. Y.*
 James Spelman, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*
 Orrin D. Ranney, *Maumee, Ohio.*
 Timothy Hoag, *Lee, Mass.*
 Polly Hoag, " "
 Elizabeth Lloyd, *Westfield, Mass.*
 John Ames, *Tallahassee, Flor.*
 Chancey Adams, *Collinsville, Conn.*
 Andrew Hubbard, *Springfield, Mass.*
 Almira Hubbard, " "
 William Barlow, *Alabama.*
 Timothy Ranney, *Maumee, Ohio.*
 Timothy W. Gibbons, *Franklin, N. Y.*
 Ruby S. Gibbons, " "
 Walter Rose, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
 Ezra M. Parsons, *Rochester, N. Y.*
 Timothy S. Gibbons, *Westchester, N. Y.*

James Coe, *Rootstown, Ohio.*
 Alpheus Gibbons, *Rakway, N. J.*
 Madison Root, *Gresnville, Ill.*
 James M. Root, *Fall River, Mass.*
 Samuel B. Barlow, *New York.*
 George Cooley, *Milwaukie, Wis.*
 Cephas Buttles, *Winnebago, Iowa.*
 Richard Cornwell, *Hartford, Conn.*
 Calista A. Cornwell, " "
 Rowland P. Cooley, *Benson, Vt.*
 Mila S. Cooley, " "
 Aurelius Dickinson, *Claremont, N. H.*
 Samuel L. M. Barlow, *New York.*
 Ralph Brown, *Utica, N. Y.*
 Jacob Bancroft, *Collinsville, Ct.*
 Cynthia Granger, *Prairie du Chien, Wis.*
 William Bancroft, *Castile, N. Y.*
 John Seymour, *Westfield, Mass.*
 James Thrall, *Bennington, Ohio.*
 Alexander Thrall, *Berkshire, Ohio.*
 Thomas Cooley, *Attica, New York.*
 Daniel Cooley, *Attica, New York.*
 Marcia Parsons, *Springfield, Mass.*
 Horace Root, *Westfield, Mass.*
 Mary Root, " "
 Anson Clark, *Waterloo, New York*
 Watson Cooley, *Illinois.*
 Frederic L. Cooley, *Vandalia, Ill.*
 Horace K. Cooley, *Freeport, Ill.*
 Mary B. Snider, *Maysville, Ill.*
 Charles Cooley, *Canandaigua, N. Y.*
 Edwin White, *Winchester, Conn.*
 Henry J. Wright, *Canton, "*

Martin S. Tinker, *Bolivia, Ohio.*
John Rowell, *Pittsfield, " "*
Isaac Gibbons, *Dalton, Mass.*
Benjamin Gibbons, *Russell, N. Y.*
Orla Gibbons, *Fitz William, N. Y.*
Roger C. Hatch, *Warwick, Mass.*
Bronson K. Hatch, *Monroe, Mich.*
Lyman W. Cowdery, *Hartland, Conn.*
Maryett Cowdery, " " "
Augustin Munson, *Granville, Ohio*
Lyman Root, *Painesville, Ohio.*
Margarett Root, " "
Hiram Rose, *Granville, Ohio.*
Matthew L. Root, *Fairport, Ohio.*
Emily Root, " "
Edwin Rose, *Buffalo, N. Y.*
Ralzamon, Spelman, *Albany N. Y.*
Harmon Graves, *Ashtabula, Ohio.*
Roland Ives, *Ives' Grove, Wis.*
Benjamin R. Spelman, *Albany, N. Y.*
Jasper Marvin, *Lima, N. Y.*
Persis Marvin, " "
Arba Lambson, *Ann Arbor, Mich.*
Ralzamon Church, *Painesville, Ohio.*
Silas Noble, *Springfield, Mass.*
Josephus Rose, *Geneseo, N. Y.*
Joseph Lambson, *Moscow, N. Y.*
Lemuel J. Bancroft, *Castile, N. Y.*
Rolla Spelman, *Rochester, N. Y.*
Thomas Gillett, *Springfield, Mass.*
Jarvis Gillett, *Springfield, Mass.*
William Harvey, *Providence, R. I.*
Alvin Holcomb, *Colesville, N. Y.*

Horace Holcomb, *Colesville, N. Y.*
Alvin Holcombe, Jr. " "
Lewis Holcombe, " "
Julia M. Watrons, " "
Jerome B. Granger, *Southwick, Mass.*
William M. Holcomb, *Brooklyn, Ill.*
Marytta Rice, *Springfield, Mass.*
Eliza Parsons, " "
Milton Hayes, *Granby, Conn.*
Elvira Hayes, " "
Rebecca P. Boise, *Westfield, Mass.*
Germanicus Cooley, *Columbus, Ohio.*
Frederick Parsons, *Springfield, Mass.*
Lee Rowley, *Granville, Ohio.*
Lucinda Watkins, *Rutland, Vt.*
Phineas Rowley, *Gaines, N. Y.*
Roswell Rowley, *New York.*
Lurena Whitney, *Huntsburgh, Ohio.*
Harriet Rhoads, *Montville, Ohio.*
Philemon Cooley, *Lockport, N. Y.*
Collins Seymour, *Suffield, Ct.*
Anson Clark, *Utica, N. Y.*
Warham Miller, *Woodstock, Vt.*
Friend Northway, *Attica, N. Y.*
Daniel Webster, *Lodi, Ohio.*
Oliver Bancroft, *Marcellus, N. Y.*
Dan Stow, *Ohio.*



**NAMES OF THE REPRESENTATIVES TO THE
GENERAL COURT FROM GRANVILLE.**



- 1775, Timothy Robinson, Nathan Barlow.
1776, None chosen.
1777, Timothy Robinson, Nathan Barlow.
1778, None chosen.
1779, Oliver Phelps, Timothy Robinson.
1780, Oliver Phelps, Josiah Harvey.
1781, Timothy Robinson.
1782, None chosen.
1783, Timothy Robinson.
1784, None chosen.
1785, Timothy Robinson.
1786, William Cooley.
1787, Timothy Robinson, Titus Fowler.
1788, Samuel Thrall, John Hamilton.
1789, Clark Cooley.
1790, Timothy Robinson, James Hamilton.
1791, Thomas Burbank, James Hamilton.
1792, Timothy Robinson.
1793, Timothy Robinson.
1794, David Robinson, Titus Fowler.
1795, Enoch Bancroft, David Robinson.
1796, None chosen.
1797, David Robinson, Ezra Marvin.
1798, Ezra Marvin, Jacob Bates.
1799, John Phelps, James Hamilton.

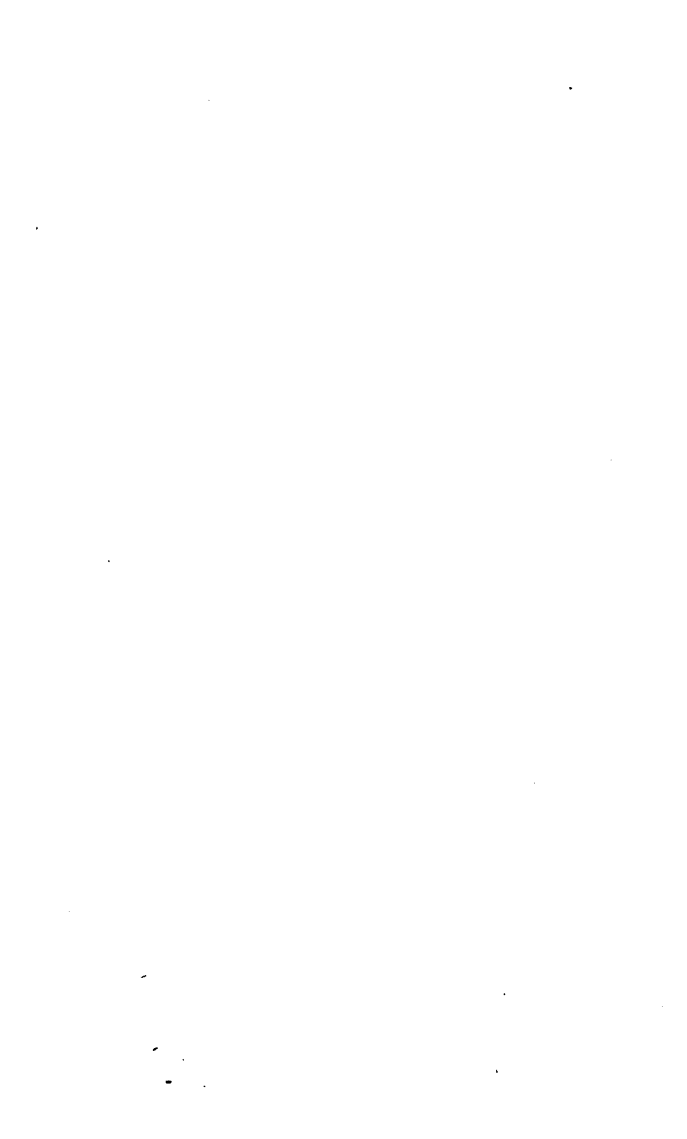
- 1800, Israel Parsons, David Robinson.
- 1801, Israel Parsons, Thomas Hamilton.
- 1802, Israel Parsons, John Phelps.
- 1803, Israel Parsons, Titus Fowler.
- 1804, Israel Parsons, John Phelps.
- 1805, Israel Parsons, John Phelps.
- 1806, Abraham Granger.
- 1807, Enoch Bancroft, Abraham Granger.
- 1808, Israel Parsons, John Phelps.
- 1809, Israel Parsons, John Phelps.
- 1810, Israel Parsons, William Twining.
- 1811, None chosen.
- 1812, Asa Seymour, John Phelps.
- 1813, Israel Parsons, David Curtiss.
- 1814, James Barlow, David Curtiss.
- 1815, James Cooley, David Curtiss.
- 1816, James Cooley, Perry Babcock.
- 1817, James Cooley, Perry Babcock.
- 1818, James Cooley, Reuben Hills.
- 1819, James Cooley, Reuben Hills.
- 1820, James Barlow, Francis Stebbins.
- 1821, Joel Root.
- 1822, Francis Stebbins.
- 1823, Joel Root.
- 1824, Francis Stebbins.
- 1825, James Cooley.
- 1826, Hezekiah Robinson.
- 1827, Jonathan B. Bancroft.
- 1828, Patrick Boise.
- 1829, James Cooley.
- 1830, Patrick Boise.
- 1831, Jonathan B. Bancroft.
- 1832, Elijah Seymour, Noah Cooley.

- 1833, Samuel Root, Denison Parsons.
- 1834, Elijah Seymour, Noah Cooley.
- 1835, Alpheus Bancroft, Denison Parsons,
- 1836, Elijah Seymour, Levi Parsons.
- 1837, Elijah Seymour.
- 1838, Francis Peebles.
- 1839, Samuel Root.
- 1840, Aaron L. Curtiss.
- 1841, James Root.
- 1842, William C. Dunham.
- 1843, Henry Clark.
- Hon. Patrick Boise, Executive Counsellor, 1832.
- Hon. Patrick Boise, Senator, 1833.
- Hon. Patrick Boise, Senator, 1834.
- Hon. Isaac Chapman Bates, U. S. Senator, 1840.

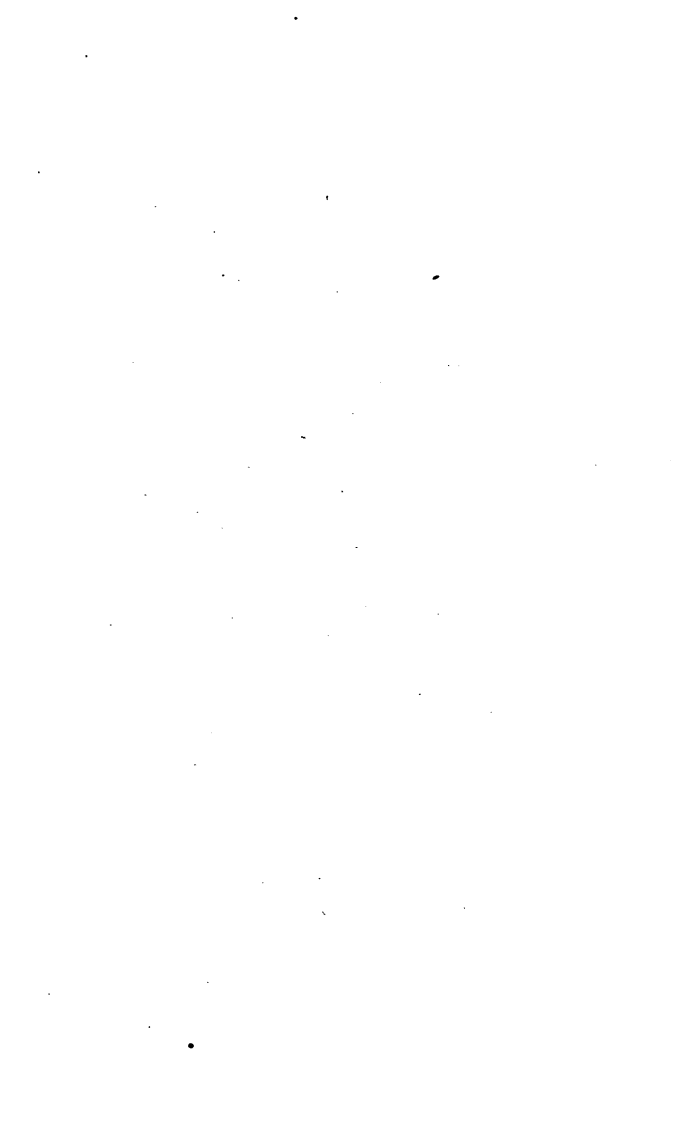










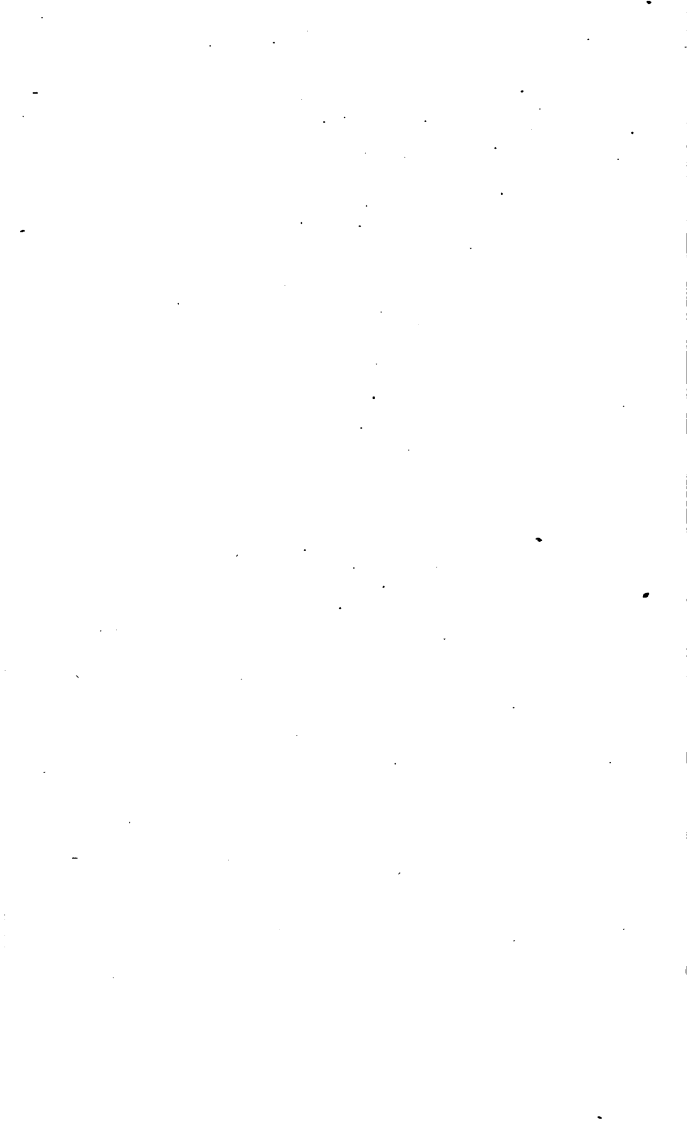


















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